




THE

Tatler

& Bystander 2s. weekly 23 Aug. 1961

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JAEGER | **BAN-LON**

THE Tatler

& BYSTANDER 2s. WEEKLY

Volume CCXLI Number 3130

23 AUGUST 1961

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VENTURES TO THE INTERIOR

PEOPLE who lose their way in big cities are usually fated to ask for directions from the one person who's a stranger there himself. It's obviously not enough to carry a guide book; ideally what every visitor needs is a guide all to himself, or even a team of them, each one an expert in a particular subject. This week, in the interests of tourism as much as readership, The Tatler offers three guides extraordinary starting with Muriel Bowen who sends her first report from the show ring at the Dublin Horse Show (page 364). Dublin is home-town for Miss Bowen and she's an authority on horses, too, having hunted her way around the world, between—and sometimes during—editorial assignments. One of her most notable days out with hounds was in Pakistan with the Peshawar Vale during this year's Royal Tour. Nearer home historian Hector Bolitho takes over with a conducted tour of some of the London sights that American visitors are always shown but whose links with their own homeland are rarely explained . . . see *Americans often miss . . .* (page 370). The third guide is an expert on sailing—an enthusiast, too. Hugh Somerville went to sea with photographer Dmitri Kasterine aboard the 12-metre Norsaga. Their report in words and pictures begins on page 374. There's direction-finding, too, in this week's fashion section with an authoritative report and pictures from the London autumn collections, see *Eyecatchers* (page 378) . . . plus a second trip across the Irish Channel with *News from Dublin* (page 387) where couture clothes are attracting a good deal of attention this year. Next week there's news of the Little Season with an exclusive list of dances and parties and pictures of many of the débutantes for whom they are given

The cover:



Bluejacket comes up to the starting line for a race off the Isle of Wight. Mr. David J. Maw's Class 2 sloop was one of the 96 competitors in this month's classic Fastnet Race. For more about the current rage for sailing see 12 hours in a 12-metre on page 374, and the pictures of the Fastnet Race dinner in Plymouth on page 368. Desmond O'Neill took the colour shot



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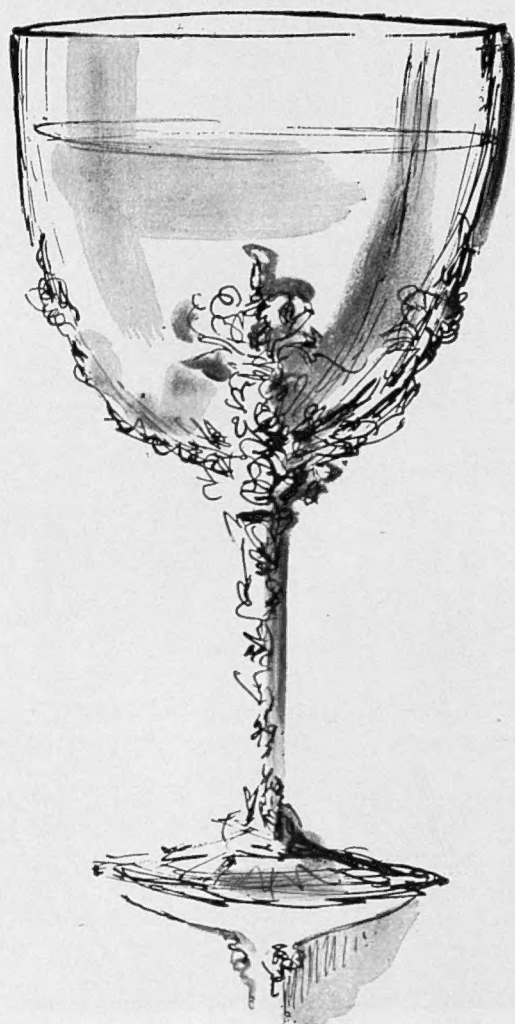
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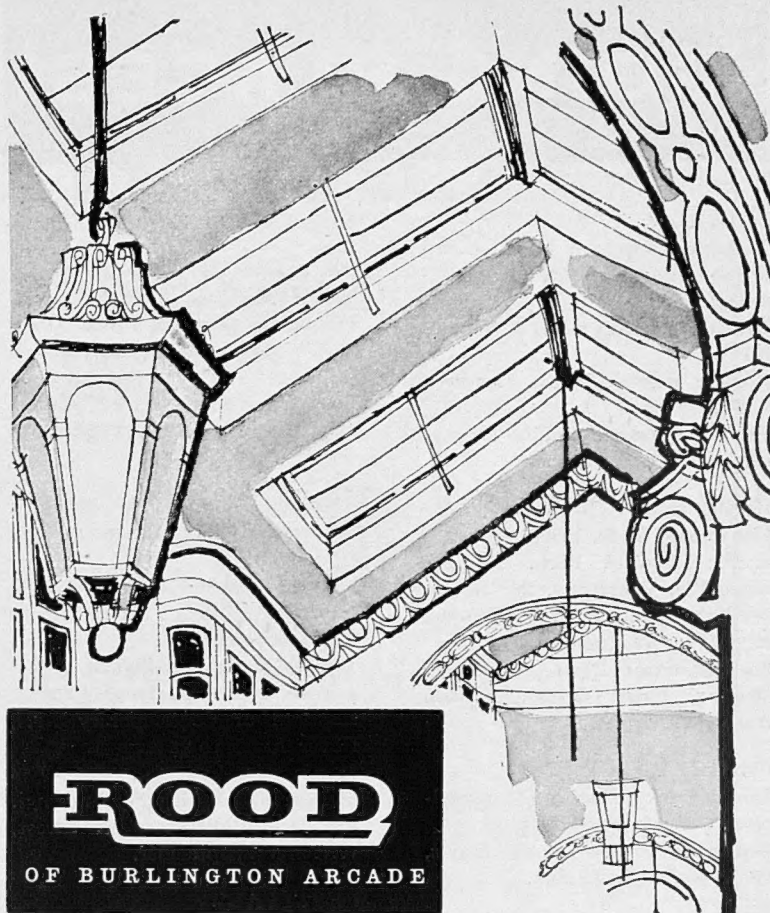
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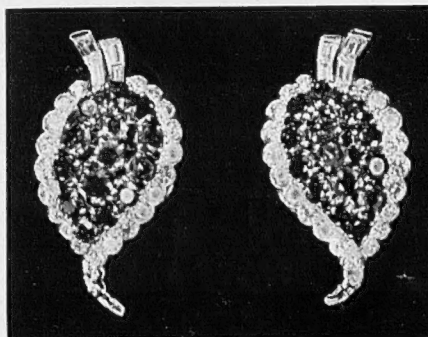
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GOING PLACES

SOCIAL & SPORTING

Yachting: Burnham Week, Burnham-on-Crouch, Essex, 26 August-2 September.

Partridge shooting starts 1 September.

Dunster Horse Trials, Somerset, 2 September.

Polo: Cirencester Polo Club Tournament finals, 3 September.

RACE MEETINGS

Flat racing: York, Brighton, today & 24; Lingfield Park, 25, 26; Newcastle, Pontefract, 26; Lewes, 28; Birmingham, 28, 29; Folkestone, 29; Ripon, 30 August.

Steeplechasing: Devon & Exeter Meeting, today & 24; Newton Abbot, 30 August.

CRICKET

County Cricket Festival: Southend-on-Sea, Essex, to 25 August.

Gentlemen v. Australians, Lord's, 30 August-1 September.

GOLF

Girls' England v. Scotland match, Beaconsfield, Bucks, 29 August.

Girls' British Open Championship, Beaconsfield, Bucks, 30 August-1 September.

MOTOR RACING

Shelsley Walsh National Open Hill Climb, Shelsley Walsh, Warwickshire, 27 August.

SAILING WEEKS & REGATTAS

Torbay Fortnight, to 26 August; Bournemouth, Poole, Oulton, to 26 August; Dartmouth, 24-26 August; Burton Cup Week (dinghies), Plymouth, 27 August-1 September; International 505 World Championship, Weymouth, 27 August-1 September; Margate, 27; Lowestoft, 28 August-2 September; Deal, Walmer &

Kingsdown, 31 August-2 September.

MUSICAL

Promenade Concerts, Royal Albert Hall, 7.30 p.m. nightly (ex. Sundays) (KEN 8212.) Royal Festival Hall. London's Festival Ballet, 8 p.m., Mats, Saturdays, 5 p.m. (WAT 3191.)

ART

Romney paintings & drawings, Kenwood House, Hampstead, to 30 September.

"Britain In Water Colours," R. B. A. Galleries, Suffolk Street. To 2 September.

The Artist In His Studio, photographs by Alexander Liberman. Institute of Contemporary Arts, Dover Street, to 26 August.

Joseph Crawhall Centenary Exhibition of paintings & drawings, the Reid Gallery, Cork Street, W.1. To 2 September.

FESTIVALS

Wimborne Minster Festival Week, Dorset, to 27 August.

Festival of English Cathedral Music, Edington Priory Church, nr. Westbury, Wilts, 28 August-3 September.

EXHIBITIONS

Regency Exhibition, Royal Pavilion, Brighton, to 1 October.

Radio & Television Exhibition, Earls Court, today to 2 September.

Stage Design In Great Britain since 1945. Arts Council Gallery, St. James's Square, to 26 August.

"Model Engineer" Exhibition, Central Hall, Westminster. To 26 August.

"Visitors' Britain"—Stationery Office guide books—Charing Cross Underground Station, to 26 August.

FIRST NIGHTS

Mermaid Theatre. *Tis Pity She's A Whore*, 29 August.

Apollo Theatre. *The Fantasticks*, 7 September.

THEATRE

From reviews by Anthony Cookman. For this week's see page 390.

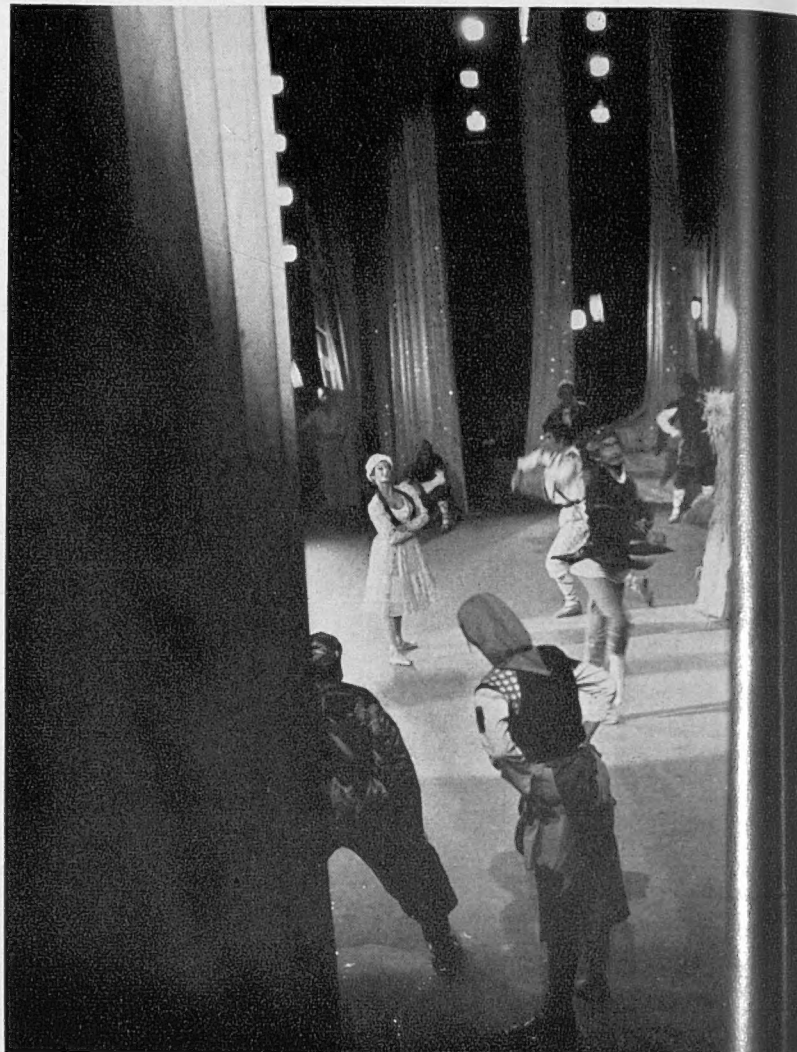
The Rehearsal. "Much the cleverest play in London and, I think, the most exciting . . . quite extraordinary technical skill . . . understandingly directed." Alan Badel, Maggie Smith, Phyllis Calvert. (Globe Theatre, GER 1592.)

CINEMA

From reviews by Elspeth Grant. For this week's see page 391.

G.R. = General Release

The Hoodlum Priest. ". . . a very fine film indeed about a priest who has dedicated himself to the rehabilitation of ex-convicts . . . admirably unsentimental, and has pace and point." Don Murray, Larry Gates, Cindi Wood. G.R.



BARRY SWABBE

Stage-manager's view of the Festival Ballet in action at the Royal Festival Hall. Scene is from *The Snow Maiden*, the first Soviet production to be created for a British ballet company. Dancing here, Oleg Briansky and Marilyn Burr. Belinda Wright has the title role

BRIGGS by Graham



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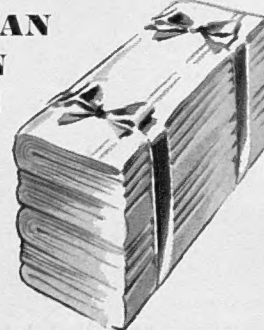
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GOING PLACES LATE

Nights in the north

Douglas Sutherland

JULY, AUGUST AND SEPTEMBER ARE THE HIGH SEASON IN SCOTLAND. They are full days well calculated to tire even the most energetic of us, which is just as well for, as I remarked last week, Scotland has its own ideas on what constitutes going places late. Eating at 10 p.m. is "ganging your dinger" a bit—whatever that means!—and dinner-dancing up to midnight or even 11 p.m. constitutes "goings-on" subject to the gravest suspicion. However, subject to these strictures there are more and more places that seem to be making a real effort to cater for the strange habits of the Sassenach and his American cousins.

Gleneagles Hotel is, of course, one of the best known and most splendid centres of jollification in the country. This vast British Transport Commission monument is situated, improbably, halfway along that bleak stretch of road over the moors between Stirling and Perth and to it flock each year the sporting rich of the world. It is unnecessary to mention that golf is the main attraction but Gleneagles also enjoys well deserved fame for the high standard of its cuisine and its general excellence as a world rating hotel. Guests can, of course, drink as late as they like but, for the non-resident, the bar presided over by Argyllshire-born Duncan MacMillan, closes at 10 p.m. and the supper licence expires at 11 p.m. There is, however, a dinner-dance (evening dress obligatory) that goes on until around midnight on Saturdays. Prices are surprisingly reasonable for a hotel of this standard, the dinner-dance being 27s. 6d. in the dining-room and 32s. 6d. in the French restaurant presided over by Louis Tapparo and Peter Ratazzi respectively.

Before the war it was generally known that Gleneagles was losing money. Today this is not so. Indeed it takes an important place as an inducement to dollar spending tourists and others to visit these shores and the ripple of prosperity that surrounds it spreads its benefit much farther afield. Few other places take up the challenge to provide the visitor with the standard of service and catering which he has the

right to expect in a land famous for more connoisseurs dishes than practically any other in the world. Surely Scottish beef, lobsters, grouse, venison and salmon, not to mention the haggis, so beloved by the sentimental exile, and the honest Scottish herring must have graced all the greatest tables. Here are some hotels that are well worth a visit. Start with the **Buchanan Arms** on Loch Lomond and the nearby **Four Season** at St. Fillans run by Ian Stewart. Farther on, at Callendar, there is the **Roman Camp**, a small hotel where the standard of comfort is very high. The hotel at Fortingall is well known to epicures and they have a wine list there which would do justice to many a grander establishment in London's West End—and over in Fifeshire Major Muriset's **Lundin Links Hotel** has built up a big reputation. Also, Alastair Cameron, the colourful mine host at the **Bailie Nicol Jarvie** at Aberfoyle has done much to make friends on behalf of his fellow Scots.

Calling in at the **Central Hotel** in Glasgow and dining at the estimable **Malmaison** restaurant I was delighted to see Maitre d'Hotel Luigi looking perennially young though telling me incredibly that he has just completed 45 years' service with the company. Through the years there must be few regular visitors to Scotland who have not come to know him well. Though he has persistently retained his Italian nationality and returned to his homeland every year he must surely rate now as Scottish by adoption.

Cabaret calendar

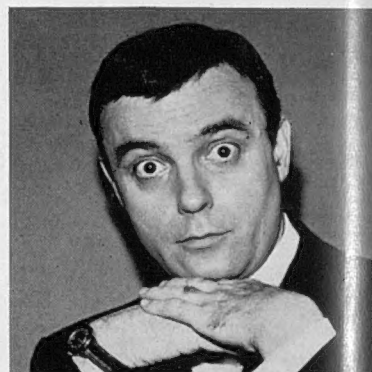
Talk of the Town (REG 5051) *Francescaye* has extended her season. Plus the *Ten O'Clock Follies*

Quaglino's (WHI 6767) *Howard de Courcy* mystifies with conjuring tricks

Savoy (TEM 4343) *Ballet de Silvia Ivas*, plus *June Merlin*

Winston's (REG 5411) *Danny la Rue's* production, *Old Time Musical*

Hungaria (WHI 4222) *Hutch* with songs at the piano



Bob Baxter is in cabaret at the Embassy Club

GOING PLACES TO EAT

Bargains and scampi

John Baker White

Walton Grill, 117 Walton Street, Chelsea. (KNI 8602.) *C.S.* Open mid-day to 11.30 p.m. Fully licensed. This is the "bargain counter" of Niki's internationally famous *Chez Luba* restaurant, just round the corner in Draycott Avenue. Served by the same chefs and kitchen with its charcoal grill, the Walton is remarkable value for money. Luncheon costs 5s. 6d. and dinner 7s. 6d., and there is also an *à la carte* menu. Unlike some bargain counters its value is consistently good.

L'Epicure Restaurant, 28 Frith Street, Shaftesbury Avenue end. *W.B.* (REG 2667.) One of the tests I apply to restaurants is the quality of their scampi, for I have met chopped-up hake in quite expensive establishments. At L'Epicure they are of first-class quality, as is the meat, and, I believe, the other products that go into the kitchen. The wines, too, are well chosen, several of them being of the reliable Geisweiler mark. The restaurant is small and unpretentious, but for those who want good food and no frills it is the place to go. Allow about 17s. 6d. to 20s. without wine.

Going north

If driving to or from Scotland and not relishing a night in Newcastle, remember the **Seaburn Hotel** at Sunderland. (Tel. Whitburn 2401.) Right on the sea, it is bright and cheerful, with comfortable and pleasant

bedrooms, and plenty of bathrooms. The food is good, the breakfasts outstanding, the service friendly. The prices are moderate. It is a credit to Vaux Breweries, who still have pairs of fine horses driving their delivery drays.

Wine note

Popular Port. In the period January to April port wine shipments to the United Kingdom were up by a quarter as compared with the same period of last year. This shows that, with the reduction of the duty, port is coming back into fashion. As a summer aperitif try a dry white port such as Dows Extra Dry, Cockburn's "Dry Tang" or Avery's Dry White Aperitif.

Californian Wines. Wine has been made in the United States since the Franciscan Fathers established their mission stations in San Diego de Alcalá in 1769 and planted vines brought from Spain. Six Californian wines are now being imported by Thoman's and stocked by Kettner's Wine Shop. At 17s. 6d. per bottle they are well worth trying, particularly the full bodied Pinot Noir and the unusual Vin Rosé.

... and a reminder

Connaught Hotel. (GRO 7070.) *W.B.* Restaurant open on Sundays, grill-room closed. Both deservedly of high repute.

The Stable, 119 Cromwell Road. *W.B.* (FRO 1203.) Open 7 p.m. to 1 a.m. including Sundays. Franco-Italian cooking. Unusual décor.

Chez Gaston, Buckingham Palace Road. *W.B.* (VIC 4974.) One

of my favourites for Italian cooking. Friendly service.

Peter Evans Eating House, 225 Brompton Road. *W.B.* (KEN 8578.) Open midday to midnight, 11 p.m. Sundays. Up to the standard of the others in this group.

The Black Angus Restaurant, 17 Great Newport Street. Open Sundays. (TER 5111.) Specializes in grills and Scotch meat. Restful atmosphere.



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MANOUG

Lebanon: the Crusaders' castle at Sidon

GOING PLACES ABROAD

Lebanon lazing

Doone Beal

I ASSOCIATE BEIRUT WITH HIGHLY SYBARITIC REST-CURES. I FLOPPED down on its beaches for the first time after a series of long flights and two-night hotel stands in Tokio, Hong Kong and Bangkok (tired tycoons might usefully exploit the fact that it is on one of the main air routes to the Far East). I found it equally salubrious on a second visit last month, even when it was sweltering in high summer.

Beirut, with its sheer, indolent comfort, the sensual heat of the atmosphere, the readiness of iced drinks beside the Excelsior's swimming pool or the St. George's beach can all too easily seduce one into immobile torpor. A lazy, delicious ding-dong of life divided between swimming, sleeping and gambling. The Casino—one of the world's most grandiloquent—has recently given birth to a new night club, the Baccarat. My one criticism of Beirut's existing night clubs and bars (the Caves du Roi, Stereo and Twenty-One) is that they were too noisy. The Baccarat redresses the balance in being low-lit with tiny lamps behind Baccarat crystal, all set in ruby velvet; and its music, played by the Orpheo Negre, is low-keyed, sexy and Brazilian. It is all that a night club should be.

If Beirut's night life ever permits you enough sleep, though, a desire to see more of the Lebanon than its Casino and beaches can engulf you

as surely and as rapidly as the evening clouds that envelop the last of the sun. It is no more than 30 minutes' drive out to the cool of the nearby hill villages—Aley, Sofar, Bhamdoun, Broumana. The dusk that follows the sunset is brief and beautiful, and a peculiar pleasure is to sit out on one of their terraces and watch the sky fade from rose to indigo as the village lights begin to twinkle like sequins.

Some hill towns, as in Italy, are piled up into pyramids. Those of the Lebanon lie flat, almost camouflaged against the hillside and, like certain flowers, they are not even apparent until night.

I had always thought of these hills, where Beirut society maintains summer residence, as a rather extravagant conceit from the visitors' point of view. After all, it might be argued, the Lebanon is a long way to go for the sake of cool evening air. But this is not so; the villages that rise behind Beirut and drop down the other side into the Bekaa Valley are not only beautiful in themselves as well as in the view to be had from any one of them; but they have a timeless, almost Biblical quality that Beirut itself, at least the resort part of it, has inevitably lost.

Village life centres around the "casinos" (cafés) in which you are served some 40 different Arab *mezze* and you sip arak, with beer as a chaser. Tivoli, in Broumana, is a new and highly civilized one; more of them line either side of a stream at Zahle, on the Baalbeck road, but each village has its own. Jardin de Cesar, only just outside Beirut, has a particularly pretty garden and is famous for some Italian dishes as well as the *mezze*. Incidentally, a custom of the country is to take your own picnic food to the simpler casinos and merely order wine or beer from them; it makes for a pleasant daytime outing if you can bear to desert the beaches.

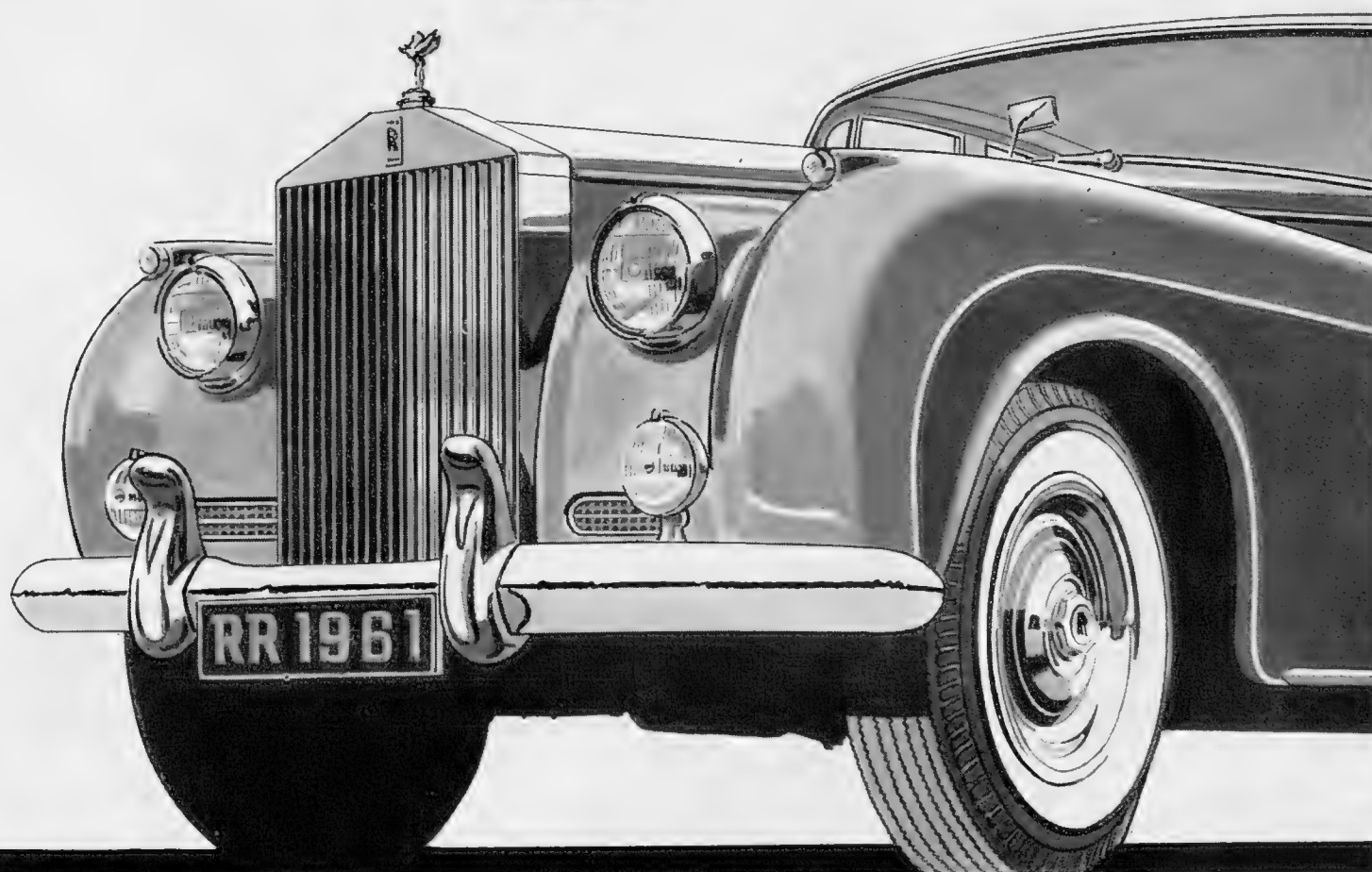
I have written before of Baalbeck, and also of the ancient coastal city of Byblos, whose miniature temples over the sea make it one of the most poetic places in the whole of Lebanon. Sidon, a port some 60 miles south of Beirut, has a different appeal: the romantic quality of being a city 4,000 years old, yet still a going concern. It was from here, during the time of Abraham, that the Phœnicians sailed for Tharos and its gold, for Carthage and Cadiz, and for the tin mines of Cornwall. It was one of the first banking cities of civilization, issuing currency made from tanned leather. Such was its trading power that the currency, though of no intrinsic value, was considered adequately "covered." One of its most important industries was the purple dye, made from murex shells, that was used to colour the cloth of Roman emperors. Nothing ancient in the strict sense of the word remains, for it was razed to the ground so often in the succeeding centuries. Its proudest monument is the Crusaders' castle which juts out along a massive stone pier to encircle a harbour full of painted, salt-scarred caiques piled to the gunwales with melons and oranges, the overflow bobbing alongside in the water. Behind the harbour the markets, spiked by mosques and minarets, are peopled by walnut-faced old men sitting over their hubble-bubbles and their sweet-meat stalls. Cheap nylon undies float lethargically on wires beside buckets made from motor tyres, flanked by stalls full of fragrant flowers and slabs full of not so fragrant fish. The flies buzz, the barkers shout, and humanity drifts by. Sidon's romantic, buccaneering past comes sweating through the pores of its present civilization and, like Beirut itself with its façade of skyscrapers and its Cadillacs, it might truthfully be said for once to have glamour, in the dictionary definition.

One could spend weeks and months in exploring Lebanon, the richest and one of the most beautiful of all the Middle East countries. It is sheer curiosity that impels one to look outside it for new sights and new flavours: the Arab wanderlust attacks more virulently than most. The traveller is fortunately placed, in that the fares to Cairo and Beirut are the same; Middle East Airlines' fare of £140 8s. return allows a round trip from London to Beirut, Damascus, Amman, Jerusalem and Cairo and, if you make the journey before 31 October or after 31 January, off-season rates of only £118 12s. apply. Travel from London is by Comet, and within the Middle East countries by Viscount. The cheaper fare must be restricted to 23 days' travel. M.E.A.'s London Office, 69 Piccadilly, will assist in getting the necessary visas for you on receipt of your passport and photographs.

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THE TATLER

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AT DUBLIN HORSE SHOW



CHARLES C. FENNELL

Chief event of Dublin's summer, the Royal Horse Show at Ballsbridge, attracted bigger entries than ever this year, and competition was intense. Among those at the show were (top) Miss Penny Moreton, seen here on

Pathfinder, winner of Class 2 for lightweight hunters. Above left: Mrs. William Hanson, daughter of Col.

Louis Edge of Co. Dublin. Centre: Miss Diana Kirkpatrick, from Co. Down, daughter of Cdr. Kenneth

Kirkpatrick. Right: the Hon. W. E. Wylie. More pictures, and description by Muriel Bowen, overleaf



Sir Robert & Lady Kinahan at the Dublin Horse Show. Below: Miss L. Crozier & Miss R. Purdon



Miss Diana Levins-Moore with Lucigen, reserve champion in the children's pony class



MURIEL BOWEN IN IRELAND

IRELAND IS A REFRESHING PLACE TO VISIT THIS time of year. My fellow countrymen store up a lot of energy to be released in the form of hospitality as the visitors pour in. North and south the pattern is the same. Newspaper headlines shout of "Crowded Highways . . . Packed Trains . . . Busy Airlines" but travel in Ireland is still a real joy. The well-signposted roads are neither busy nor crowded; though I have never seen so many cars with G.B. plates there. The trains are impeccably clean and nowadays virtually *never* late. I travelled on a superb one from Killarney to Dublin. And the interior of the Irish Airlines Boeing 707 in which I flew back was happily decorated by an artist's hand and not by the chairman or some chap in the office.

The Queen and Prince Philip accompanied by the Prince of Wales & Princess Anne, arrived in Belfast Lough in the gleaming blue royal yacht, *Britannia*. Guests on the yacht included Prince George of Hanover and his wife (she's Prince Philip's sister) and their three children, Prince George, Prince Guelf, and Princess Frederika. The weather was unkind but the Queen took it as it came, and her bright yellow cape-type waterproof coat was the most used garment in her wardrobe for the crowded two-day visit.

Most valued social invitation was to the dinner party given in the simple but superbly run dining-room of the royal yacht. The Governor, Lord Wakehurst, was there, also Viscount Brookeborough, the Prime Minister, & Viscountess Brookeborough, the Countess of Leicester, Lt. Col. & Mrs. E. J. A. H. Brush, the Lord Chief Justice of Northern Ireland & Lady MacDermott, Senator Lt. Col. & Mrs. J. G. Cunningham, and the Duke & Duchess of Abercorn.

Farther south, more royal visitors. Queen Louise of Sweden and her sister, Princess Andrew of Greece, joined their brother, Admiral of the Fleet Earl Mountbatten of Burma, for a week at Classiebawn Castle. This is a fine old

castle that he inherited from his late wife on a remote and delightfully quiet stretch of the Co. Sligo coast.

"DEV" AS DINER OUT

In the south I found a great blooming of prosperity since my last visit three years ago, but my friends didn't thank me for saying so. As ever, words with political implications can start an argument in Ireland. Prosperity, though, is a relative term. Over 250,000 Irish have left home in the past five years to find employment. Nearly all of them have come to England.

There are profound political changes. It will be the first election in nearly 50 years in which Mr. de Valera will not be actively concerned—as President he is now above party politics. Socially he is more active than any of his presidential predecessors, with a liking for small dinner parties. He's also involved in the turf. Horses from the Irish National Stud race in his name and when I went to the Phoenix Park races I saw a nice filly by the Queen's sire, Aureole, carry Mr. de Valera's blue and gold colours.

Ireland is to follow Britain into the Common Market and surprisingly with nothing more than a whimper from the more vocal nationalistic elements. Causing much more alarm is the proposed Irish TV. This must be a great boon to a people who love sport, but by others it's denounced in colourful and resounding terms.

A CENTURY OF HORSES

Ireland though has not lost its sense of proportion and its sense of values. A successful politician cannot hope to get as much praise as a successful horse and last week at the Royal Dublin Show the horses were enjoying all the limelight. Quite an historic occasion too, this

year, as it is just 100 years since the Royal Dublin Society held "an experimental show for horses only." The horse may have had his heyday but this year's show had an entry of 1,264 horses, the biggest number for some years.

Horse of the week, red, white and blue ribbons fluttering from his noseband, was Lady Helena Hilton-Green's Last of the Banogue's. It was a highly popular win too. Lady Helena is superb across the Co. Limerick country and it takes a good second horse, if not a third, if one is still to have her in sight at the end of the day. Last of the Banogue's ("I had his three brothers, all marvellous," Lady Helena told me) is not quite the show horse that are some which have come from Dublin to the English shows. But unlike many of them he's got the gallop and substance to see one at the finish of any number of good hunts. Lady Helena intends to keep him for this purpose.

There was a cheer, too, for Lady Hemphill when she won a heavyweight hunter class on her husband's appropriately named Terrifico. Mr. Nat Galway-Greer, there with his wife and their daughter, Betty, had a fine turnout of good horses. Another horse I liked was The Baronet, a liver chestnut owned and ridden by Mrs. David Price to win the Ladies Hunter Championship. Quick, alive, and a good, free mover, he was a grand sort of horse for a woman to ride.

"THE JUDGE" TAKES NOTE

The jumping enclosure is the great rendezvous. Circulating round it as usual was the show's most famous figure, Judge Wylie. He first came to Dublin many years ago as owner, rider and groom of an inexpensive horse and later, until his retirement as chairman last year, he ran the show with the flair of a stage manager and the perfection of a regimental sergeant major. As long as there is a Dublin Horse Show the name

Miss Virginia Freeman-Jackson and Lady Avena Stanhope, daughter of the Earl of Harrington



PHOTOGRAPHS BY CHARLES C. FENNEL

Lady Helena Hilton-Green on the champion hunter of the show, *Last of the Banogue's*

of "The Judge" will never go into retirement. Professor James Meenan, an economist and the new chairman, was watching the jumping with his wife, and others were Sir Ian MacLennan, the British Ambassador, & Lady MacLennan, Mr. John Costello, Mr. Justice & Mrs. Cecil Lavery, Mrs. Tim Whiteley, and Col. R. S. G. Perry, the 5.5-metre Olympic helmsman, & Mr. Perry—staying with Mr. & Mrs. David Price who had taken a house near the show grounds. Still more were: Miss Diana Kirkpatrick, Mrs. Patrick McGilligan, Mr. & Mrs. Varian Stux-Rybar, Mr. & Mrs. Hector Legge, Mr. Rose O'Callaghan, and Lt. Col. J. F. Nolan, the C.O. of the Irish Army Equestrian School. His team had a superb win with the brilliant Loch an Easpaig and he told me that the intake of cadets from the Curragh next year will include at least two young men who are big juvenile jumping winners.

The jumping had its thrills. For me the performance of the week was Miss Iris Kellett riding a most skilful round on a difficult horse in pouring wet. Britain had one big win, thanks to Mr. Fred Welch and the chestnut Topper. The wall in the Puissance went to 7 ft. and the children jumped 4 in. higher than the international riders did in the Aga Khan Cup (the Prix de Nations) in 1939!

Hounds as well as horses are never far from the Irishman's heart and Mr. Evan Williams, Master of the Tipperary, gave a grand show with his hounds. This included jumping the double bank with its over-6-ft. drop, and also the single, pausing with all his hounds on top. Quite a feat, but then Mr. Williams got round Aintree to win the Grand National on Royal Mail.

My one criticism of this fine show is the food and the restaurants, which are as dull as school refectories. But the Royal Dublin Society is not one to rest on its laurels, and I have no doubt something will be done about them.

DANCING BY THE BOYNE

With so many of their friends in Dublin for the show Mrs. Patrick Herdman and Mrs. Nesbit Waddington took the opportunity of arranging a joint coming-out ball for their daughters, Olivia Herdman, a petite blonde, and Penderell Waddington, a vivacious brunette. Dinner parties were held up to 60 miles away in all directions beforehand and then we all converged on Beaulieu, the Waddington's handsome house which looks down on the Boyne near Drogheda. Mrs. Herdman, wonderfully chic in silver lamé, had about 40 to dine at Courtown, Co. Kildare, beforehand. Air Chief Marshal Sir Edmund Hudleston & Lady Hudleston, Lord O'Neill, Miss Omega Drummond, Baroness Confalonieri among them. Afterwards there was a cross-country drive of 50 odd miles to Beaulieu; Capt. George Coles was appointed "Master" by the host with the Marquess of Hamilton as "whipper-in" and they were able to report "all on" on arrival.

Here I met Major Edward Boylan who is running a two-day event on 2 & 3 September, for which the British Horse Society is sending over a team. Jumping and dressage will be at the John Kennedy Stadium in Dublin on the 2nd and the cross-country at Hilltown (30 miles from Dublin) on the 3rd.

Others dancing that night: Dr. Harold Quinlan, Miss Grace Carroll, Miss Sarah Goalen, and Sir Richard Musgrave, Bt. A most enjoyable, thoroughly energetic dance, the climax of enthusiasm being reached in a jive session led by Mrs. Peg Watt and Mr. Willie O'Grady. For those who wilted a bit, Mrs. Herdman very discreetly took "shocking" pink pep pills from her evening bag. They were excellent.

Two nights and three dances later the Meath Hunt had their Horse Show Ball at the Gresham Hotel (pictures on page 366.) It was a roaring success, with twice as many people as last year. The Countess of Mount Charles headed a dance

committee which had a lot of imagination. To begin with it was a dinner-dance which meant that on one night of the week hostesses (many of whom were riding at the show) had not to bother with feeding guests. They also got the best cabaret that anyone could remember at a Horse Show dance—an act from the Bertram Mills Circus.

The three joint-Masters, Lt. Col. Joe Hume Dudgeon, Capt. Robert Elwes and Brig. Bryan Fowler (he's as skilled at the tango as he is on a polo pony) all had parties. Col. Dudgeon had his son-in-law Mr. Robin Hunt, joint-Master of the Waterford, & Mrs. Hunt, Miss Sylvia Stanier, and Major John Miller, the Crown Equerry. With the Fowlers I met her sister, Mrs. Peter Borwick, joint-Master of the Pytchley, and Mrs. A. Smith-Bingham who had judged the ladies' hunters that morning, the Earl & Countess of Westmorland were there, and Sir Hugh & Lady Nugent.

Others dancing: the Hon. Mrs. Nicholas Crossley who brought a party across the border from the garrison at Omagh, Major F. Leyland, the Earl & Countess of Meath, and Mr. & Mrs. Denis Baggallay. He's the Keeper of the Match Book and he was telling me about next year's Irish Derby to be run at the Curragh on 30 June. The race will be worth £30,000, attracting horses from many parts of the world. The first has already arrived! And the Meath Hunt's social organizers, bright as a button, have booked the night for another hunt ball.

So many parties: Mrs. T. G. McVeagh had a "come any time after 12" lunch at her home near the show on Aga Khan Cup Day. A party plus a cricket match was given by Mrs. E. A. McGuire at Newtown Park, one of Ireland's most elegant houses. Lady Beit asked about 100 friends to Russborough on the Sunday prior to the show, and for Mr. David Wachman there was a coming-out ball at Bective.



Left: Miss Olivia Herdman, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Patrick Herdman, and Miss Penderell Waddington, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Nesbit Waddington. Their coming-out ball was held at Beaulieu, Drogheda, Co. Louth. Below left: Mrs. John Mullion and Dr. Harold Quinlan. Below: The Countess of Westmorland



DROGHEDA COMING OUT

MEATH HUNT BALL

Right: At the Meath ball, at the Gresham, Dublin, were the Hon. Garech Browne, son of Lord Oranmore & Browne, and Miss Camilla Rumbold.

Below: Mr. Oliver Worsley, brother of the Duchess of Kent. Below right: Major Cyril Hall, manager of the Aga Khan's racing stables in Ireland, with Mrs. Fowler, wife of Brig. Bryan Fowler, joint-Master of the Meath Foxhounds



The Marchioness of Headfort, the daughter of Lord Brouket



CHARLES C. FENNEL



TEA WITH THE SHERIFF

Civic leaders of Bedfordshire were among the 500 guests entertained at a garden party given by the High Sheriff of the county and Mrs. Lawson Johnston at their home, Melchbourne Park



The Hon. Hugh Lawson Johnston, High Sheriff of Bedfordshire, & his wife

PHOTOGRAPHS: VAN HALLAN



Frances Ann Warren Pearl with Marguerite, Julia & Primrose Lawson Johnston

The Duke & Duchess of Bedford



The band of the 5th Bedfordshire and 1st Hertfordshire Regiment played for the afternoon



Professor Sir Albert Richardson



Lord & Lady Ironside



The floodlit training ship Arethusa, on which the dance was held. Below: Miss Mary Metcalf & Mr. John Metcalf. Below left: Mr. & Mrs. Robin Clifford with Mrs. Cyril Bacon and Mr. Ramsden Mellor



Yachting occasions

MEDWAY CLUB DANCE



Above: Miss Paula Blackburn and Mr. Brian Judkins. Left: Mr. & Mrs. J. Brunton. Right: Mr. C. Newnes, Miss L. Banks, Mme. Fu Tong, Mr. & Mrs. N. Banks, Miss A. Townshend, Mr. A. Brenchley and Miss M. Harvey





Left: Line-up in the St. Nazaire race; St. Barbara (Royal Artillery Yacht Club), Lutine (Lloyd's Yacht Club) and Martlet (Britannia Royal Naval College). Muriel Bowen reports next week. More pictures at foot of page



PHOTOGRAPHS BY VAN HALLAN



Above: Mrs. Kenneth Langmuir at the Fastnet Dinner, which Muriel Bowen writes about next week. Left: Captain of the U.S. team, Mr. William Smith, receives the Admiral's Cup from Mrs. Peter Green

A RACE & A DINNER



Mrs. Robert Lochner waves off her husband in El Vigo, an English entry for the St. Nazaire race. Right: An Oxford University Yacht Club entry, New Dawn and crew



Americans often miss . . .

. . . links with their own country in the old round of London sights.

Hector Bolitho takes friends from Virginia on a historical tour

THE TELEPHONE RANG, A COLD, ALOOF VOICE SAID, "THIS IS CLARIDGES; I am putting you through."

Claridges! I thought of a bottle of Krug and plovers' eggs for breakfast, beneath a firmament of crystal chandeliers. Then came another voice, deep Virginian, like a cello played in a well. "My dear, we've arrived in this lovely olde-worlde hotel: we've seen Buckingham Palace, Westminster Abbey and the changing of the Guard. What do you suggest we do tomorrow?" My friends were kind to me when I was in Virginia three years ago: they had led me at a gallop from mansion to battlefield so I thought I should have my full, but imaginative revenge, and show them the London most Americans miss.

Two days later we drove through St. James's Park to the Embankment and the Tower of London. I mentioned its 900 years of history and what dates I could remember: we noted the ravens, ignored the Crown Jewels, climbed to the Bloody Tower and out to the ramparts, high above the dirty, splendid Thames. We stood where Sir Walter Raleigh used to walk during the years of his imprisonment; where he might have paused, looking down towards Blackwall on December 20, 1606, to see the three little ships setting off with the first colonists for Virginia.

"There," I said to my friends from Virginia, "is the beginning of your history. You realize that Shakespeare was still living in London when the 105 colonists set out; that Richard Burbage was actually playing *King Lear* for James I, in Whitehall Palace, while the little ships were waiting in the Thames Estuary."

Like so many American couples, my friends were clearly defined: the wife who never gave culture a rest, and the silent husband following at her heels in resigned obedience. Though his blood roots were in the South, he had been to Harvard for his education, so, wishing him to have his hour of pride, I drove from the Tower as far as London Bridge; then across the Thames into Southwark—unfashionable now, but rich with history. One might well call it the Harvard Country. We lunched first at the George Inn, with its delightful galleries, dated 1676. The assistant manager told me, if we came in the evening, there would be candle light, and waitresses in period costume. "Just like your Williamsburg," I said to my friends as we walked out of the George and down the High Street to the Tabard, on the site of Chaucer's "gentil hostellerie" whence the pilgrims in the *Canterbury Tales* set out.

The silent husband said, "These English taverns are sure full of history." Which gave me the chance to answer, "It was from the sale of one of these taverns, in this very street, that the money was raised to help to found Harvard University." He knew the story, but vaguely—of John Harvard, born in 1607, whose mother kept the Queen's Head and whose father was a butcher and a warden of St. Saviour's. John studied at Emmanuel College, Cambridge; he married, and emigrated to Massachusetts in 1637. He died the following year, but his conscience was already rooted in the new earth. He left his library of some 300 books, and half his fortune, about £779, inherited from the sale of his mother's tavern, to the college then being founded outside Boston. It was all a nice exchange of manners for the site became the town of Cambridge, in honour of Harvard's English university, while the college itself was given his name.

We drove then to Southwark Cathedral and walked towards the Harvard Chapel where Old Glory hangs, sharing the sunlight with one of the most remarkable tombs in London, that of Lyonell Lockyer—the inventor of pills and therefore, as I told my friends, "the inventor of

the tranquillizer, your national dish." As Lyonell Lockyer was a contemporary of John Harvard, it is just possible that they met.

We walked into the more solemn shadows of the Harvard Chapel where objects and inscriptions, though set in the old English stone, reminded my friend of his years in Massachusetts. Slowly, we pieced the story together. John Harvard's ghost had come back to Southwark and begun a pattern of historical associations. In the early part of this century, the "sons and friends" of Harvard University had restored and endowed the chapel in Harvard's memory. The stained-glass window, designed by the American artist John La Farge, was presented by the American Ambassador of the time, Mr. Joseph Choate—himself a Harvard man. And when the window was damaged by a bomb,



The site of the Globe, Southwark, now Barclay Perkins' brewery, is marked by a plaque



Raleigh's Walk at the Tower and (below) Raleigh's Room





The tomb of Edmond Shakespeare (brother of the playwright) in Southwark Cathedral

PHOTOGRAPHS:
PETER HALL



The Roosevelt statue in front of the American Embassy in Grosvenor Square



Lockyer's tomb in Southwark Cathedral



Galleries of the George Inn, Southwark

During the last war, the new generation of "sons and friends" of Harvard paid for its restoration.

His wife had bought a guide book and opened it to a quotation from Pausanias, describing a day in July 1663 when he spent an hour in Southwark Cathedral, enjoying the "fine monuments of great antiquity." So we looked away from our American pattern again and wandered from the tomb of Shakespeare's brother Edmond, also "a player," to the empty tomb of Shakespeare himself, with its alabaster effigy.

We left the cathedral and drove west, a few hundred yards along the dusty streets, until we came to Messrs. Barclay Perkins' brewery, in Mark Street. On the wall a plaque told us, "Here stood the Globe Theatre of Shakespeare, 1598-1613." I reminded my friends that the most important memorial to the Globe is not in England, but in Connecticut, where the building of the 16th century has been reproduced.

Driving back across Westminster Bridge we caught a glimpse of Members of Parliament cajoling their electors with cups of tea on the terrace. Then in Parliament Square came an amiable touch with the sight of Abraham Lincoln, standing up, with the hefty bronze chair behind him. We drove into Whitehall and on the way, I asked the driver to pause at the entrance to Downing Street.

"Another Harvard man," I said.

"What on earth do you mean?"

"You don't know about that scamp? George Downing of your college!"

"Vaguely. He was a nephew of Winthrop, the first governor of Massachusetts. I know that."

I aired my knowledge with delight. "He must have been one of the first students at Harvard; he was second on the list of first-class graduates in 1642. He began as a preacher, came back to England,



The Harvard Chapel in Southwark Cathedral



The grounds of Kenwood House

joined Cromwell's army and was Resident at the Hague. When Cromwell died, Downing sold himself to the King and betrayed his friends, who were beheaded in the Tower."

"But why Downing Street?"

"King Charles II gave him the land on which these houses now stand; among them No. 10."

Then, "But I'll show you a nobler Harvard man on our way back to the hotel."

We entered Grosvenor Square from the east to see Franklin D. Roosevelt's statue against the background of trees, and beyond, the fabulous new embassy.

After dinner I promised "a drive with no dates and very little history," so we rose from the level of London, through Regent's Park, to the heights of Hampstead. Then on to the gates of Kenwood.

We walked in between the hedges, past the Adam facade of the house, to the mound from which you can look over London, with St. Paul's on the left and Westminster Abbey on the right. When we had been standing there for a while and the cool warning of night came on the breeze, I took my friends to The Spaniards, for "a glass of port in a real old English tavern." They were delighted. We drank our port with quiet respect, and then I led my Virginians across the room to the fireplace. Here was my last concession to history for the day. Over the mantelpiece was written the story of the evening in 1819, when Keats was drinking in the bar of The Spaniards and suddenly left his friends, wandered on the Heath, and heard the nightingale. We followed in his wake and listened for the song of the "immortal Bird." But it sang no longer; so we drove slowly home, along Spaniards Road, back to the "lovely olde-worlde hotel" in Mayfair.

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LORD KILBRACKEN

A day at the show

I RETURNED TO KILLEGAR, LIKE A SCHOOLBOY AT end of term, arriving in Dublin by Starflight in the small hours of the morning—the only plane with any seats that week—and spending what was left of the night on a friend's friendly sofa, since every hotel was full, before driving home. I meant to stay five days, but the house was full of family, and the weather was delightful, and there were a million matters waiting to be decided on the farm. I've stayed, already, twice as long as I planned, and I'm still not displaying any positive signals of departure. It was almost a surprise to discover, a few days after arrival, that Horse Show Week was upon us. From my rural fastness it seemed remote and unimportant. Other matters took easy precedence: there was the hay to be brought in, and picnics in the Pottle Wood, and Falcon to be painted and launched, and then sailed on Donaweale. There was a batch of bullocks to be sold (they didn't do too badly, either), and a sale to be negotiated of some veneer-quality sycamore. And there was Jack's pub in the evenings.

However, on the Tuesday, there began to be a move towards making a mass jaunt to Dublin next day. Not only was there the show; in the evening, starting at 6.15, there would be the Phoenix Park races, the pleasantest meeting in Ireland, with the chance of making a few hundred before heading home. In addition, there was Josephine, who had to be taken in anyway to Cavan (on her last journey) and could therefore be conveniently dropped *en route*. And thus it was decided upon. Josephine, I'd better explain at once, is—or at least *was*—a Large White sow. She had provided me with two fine litters, but then—alas!—had “gone wrong,” as unfortunately happens far too often with sows, and we had had to raise the second litter on the bottle, a tiresome and profitless business. There had therefore been nothing for it but to fatten her for the factory—one cannot afford to be sentimental over pigs—and the fateful time had now come for her.

We were 12 in the house—unlucky 13 with Josephine—but Christopher got sick in the night, and Mary (for reasons of her own) preferred the local show at Ballinamore to the sophistication of Ballsbridge, and Katharine *always* stays at Killegar, so the rest of us could fit comfortably into the two cars, with Wynne driving his rented Austin—it isn't worth the expense of bringing your own car to Ireland—and me at the wheel of the Vauxhall, with Josephine in

the trailer behind. We *meant* to get off at 10.30, but as usual no one was ready, and then Benny Brady arrived with the post and a large cargo of comics, and then Josephine showed a marked reluctance to embark for her doom. The Austin got away at 10.50, but it was another 20 minutes before we trundled after it. Not *too* bad, however.

But Josephine, on our reaching the factory, seemed suddenly to sense that her demise was upon her and, as soon as we lowered the tailboard, made a wild dash for freedom. It took 20 minutes and six strong men to recapture her. I set off, at last, in pursuit of Wynne, but we almost immediately suffered a flat tyre—Josephine's final revenge. So it was 1.30 before we reached the Bailey, John Ryan's well-known hostelry in Duke Street, where I'd reserved an enormous table, to find Wynne & Co. two-up on us.

The Deux Magots describes itself on its beer-mats, if I remember aright, as *Le Rendezvous de l'Elite Intellectuelle*. The Bailey, were it equally pretentious, might do the same, though it should perhaps add somewhere the word *soi-disant* (as should the Magots). It took me an appreciable time to make my way via two bars to the dining-room upstairs, but we then had an admirable lunch *à la carte*—consommé, trout, veal cutlets, gooseberry pie—for 8s. 6d., the whole washed down with Beaujolais. We were really now on the point of leaving for the show, our main reason after all for making the trip, but at this precise moment John Ryan joined our table, which meant *encore un Beaujolais*.

It was therefore very nearly 3 p.m. before we reached Ballsbridge (the Austin, with the children, having gone ahead) and I would have to leave before five, to transact a piece of business at the Shelbourne before the races. First we looked in at the bloodstock sales, where we saw five handsome yearlings sold at prices ranging from 120 to 525 guineas—the day's top price was 1,050 guineas, for a bay gelding by Vulgan—and then we were distracted, on entering the Show grounds proper, by the galaxy of trade stands, by half-a-dozen old friends, by as many old enemies, and by at least three PGs (my habitual abbreviation for Pretty Girls) on our way to the jumping enclosure. We had arrived, luckily, at an excellent moment: in the middle of the *Epreuve de Puissance* with Piero d'Inzeo, Pat Smythe, the American Warren Woffard, and Hans Winkler, the Olympic gold medallist, still left in. Round and round they went; four riders—Woffard, Winkler, Roswall of Sweden and Eschler of Switzerland—all jumped the wall at the record height of 6 ft. 8 in. before victory went to Winkler on the jump-off after four clear rounds. And then it was time for the Shelbourne.

A Vauxhall-ful of children headed home after tea, while Wynne and I made tracks for the lovely evening meeting at the park (made lovelier by winning a tenner), followed by drinks at the Bailey and Jammet's, and then supper at Alfredo's, rhumba-filled and candlelit, before setting off for Killegar at midnight. We were home by 2.30, with no misadventures. In a long day, I'd contrived to spend just about an hour at the jumping; but this was really quite good—there've been many years, whisper it, when I've spent the whole Week in Dublin, and never once got anywhere near Ballsbridge.

THE START: SHOVING OFF FROM THE COWES TROTS



AUGUST is the month when the yachting season reaches its climax with events like Cowes Week and the Royal Ocean Racing Club's classic race around the Fastnet Rock. Bluejacket, the handsome offshore racer on the cover, was one of the 96 yachts that started in the Fastnet race. With crack boats from the U.S.A., Holland, France, Germany, Sweden and Eire, competition was strong, but of the yachts that the British wanted to beat, first and foremost were those from America.

Meanwhile in another sphere of the sailing world a lot of quiet preparation is going on for an assault on the America's Cup. This most famous and elusive of all yachting trophies was won by the schooner *America* in 1851 and has remained in the New York Yacht Club ever since, despite 17 unsuccessful challenges — 15 of them from Great Britain. Next year the Australians are attempting to win the Cup, but whether or not they do, both the Royal Sydney Yacht Squadron and the New York Yacht Club have promised to let the Royal Thames Yacht Club have the next crack.

It is therefore not surprising that already a few British yachtsmen are preparing to build new 12-metres, with which to compete for the honour of representing Great Britain. One of them is Lord Craigmyle, a vital bearded character who, though a comparative novice at sailing, pulls ropes and organizes the crew of his 12-metre *Norsaga* with great energy and enthusiasm. Dmitri and I sailed on board *Norsaga* in a recent race. We boarded Lord Craigmyle's motor yacht *Demi-Savage* at 8.30 to find some of the crew eating a hearty breakfast. The owner took a look at our rather scruffy sailing clothes and immediately ordered royal blue jerseys and blue and white stocking caps to be found for us. Mine was unfortunately designed for a dwarf, but no matter.



12 HOURS IN A 12-METRE



LEFT: LORD CRAIGMYLE BOARDS NORSAGA. BELOW: BOBBY LOWEIN (THE OWNER), HARRY SPENCER, HUGH SOMERVILLE & ERROLL BRUCE CONFER BEFORE THE RACE



BEFORE THE START OF THE RACE, THE CREW GOES THROUGH A BIT OF DRILL. LEFT: WALLY SMITHERS, THE BOWMAN, WALKS AFT AS NORSAGA FOAMS AFTER SCEPTRE. IN THIS RACE SCEPTRE CAME SECOND TO FLICA II, WITH NORSAGA THIRD. THE WEEK BEFORE NORSAGA AND SCEPTRE HAD BEEN LEFT STRANDED, BUT EACH RECOVERED AND SCEPTRE FINISHED TWO MINUTES BEFORE NORSAGA WITH FLICA II THIRD

This is Norsaga's uniform. Tony Boyden, who is also thinking of building a new 12-metre, dresses his crew in light blue, matching Flica's hull. Erik Maxwell's Scottish crew wear red jerseys on board Sceptre, Capt. Michael Boyle and his brother officers of the Irish Guards sail Vanity V in white.

A 12-metre is a large yacht; the dimensions are measured under a complicated formula, the result of which is a craft about 70 ft. long, weighing about 25 tons and carrying about 3,300 sq. ft. of sail. There is a crew of 10 or 11 men. The cost of a new one now is about £40,000; an expensive bit of wood. Norsaga, Flica II, Vanity and Evaine, which is now on charter to Major R. N. Macdonald-Buchanan, were all built before the war.

Quickly and efficiently the crew went to their stations and Demi-Savage, whose name springs from her owner's coat of arms, towed us slowly out of Cowes harbour. We hoisted the mainsail and sailed off in the direction of Southsea, where the race was to be held. Norsaga is being used as a training boat for Lord Craigmyle's new 12-metre, and her crew had, at the time, only been racing together for three days. The opportunity was therefore taken to give them a bit of a practice. I had the good fortune to be allowed to steer for a short time and savour the wonderful feeling of power one gets from such a magnificent vessel.

For this race Bobby Lowein, vice-commodore of the Island Sailing Club, was having his first try at the helm. Sailing master of Norsaga for the season is Commander Erroll Bruce, R.N., who skippered Belmore when she was second in last year's Newport, Rhode Island, to Bermuda Race. The professional skipper is Harry Spencer who looks after the boat herself, while the owner performs mysterious rites with the ropes and

PHOTOGRAPHED BY DMITRI KASTERINE
DESCRIBED BY HUGH SOMERVILLE

winches on the mast and foots the bills. The rest of us in the crew were allocated to various stations, the real "muscle men" John Duder and Alan Boyd, manning the large "coffee grinder" winches used to haul in the big Genoa jib.

We had a crisis before the start and Harry Spencer had to go aloft, 82 ft. from the deck, to collect the racing flag whose halyard had broken. Then came the jockeying before the start with the five beautiful thoroughbreds foaming back and forth off Southsea beach. As the starting gun boomed we were just behind Sceptre with Vanity V just to windward. We soon reached the first buoy and gybed round it. As we did so, strange military oaths could be heard from Vanity V. Our own spinnaker was set without trouble. Bobby likes sailing on his lonesome so he decided to leave the other four boats. This necessitated gybing the spinnaker. For the layman this is an operation during which the stern of the boat goes through the wind and the mainsail and spinnaker change sides. It sounds simple, but in a boat the size of a 12-metre with a couple of thousand square feet of mainsail and three thousand of spinnaker it requires split-second co-ordination between half a dozen of the crew, if the spinnaker is not to collapse like a burst balloon. We got in a bit of a mess. "Got your pattern book?" asked Harry to those on the foredeck. It certainly looked for a moment as though a crochet hook would be more useful than a marline spike, but the wind was light and we were soon sorted out, though not before Harry had made a rather simian excursion to the end of the spinnaker boom. The beautiful red and white nylon spinnaker billowed in all its feminine glory.

We rounded the leeward buoy just behind Evaine. Sceptre led, but was soon passed by Flica II. Vanity V lay third. Bobby at the helm was very much on his mettle as we settled down for the beat to windward. The crew lay flat on the deck to avoid windage and no one spoke above a whisper. We slowly caught Evaine. Soon we had to tack. "Ready about, Lee Oh!" cried Bobby as he put the wheel over to bring Norsaga's stately bow through the eye of the wind. The crew sprang to life. As the sails filled on the new tack the muscle men strained at the coffee grinders, the big Genoa straining at its sheet. In hard weather the strain on the sheet is several tons, so that the crew must watch out for their hands and feet. It is back-breaking work at those coffee grinders.

Now there was a little more wind and the log needle showed seven knots as we foamed along making the champagne noise a boat does when she's happy. The crew sensed success. Vanity V sailed into a flat spot and we passed her. Soon we were right on Sceptre's tail with Flica II within a hundred yards, but the finishing line was too close. We set our spinnaker in record time. Sceptre made a last despairing attempt to snatch the lead but Flica II just made it. Sceptre got the second gun and we the third.

We bore away for Cowes and Erroll Bruce ordered spinnaker drill during the sail back. The crew worked like willing slaves, practising until they were well-nigh perfect. That is the spirit in these five 12-metres with many fit young men, and several quite elderly ones, practising as hard as they can. Only by such efforts will we have a hope of lifting what Sir Thomas Lipton called "The Auld Mug."

BOBBY LOWEIN. A MOMENT OF CONCENTRATION



TACKING AND NURSING THE





BIG GENOA JIB CLEAR OF THE SHROUDS. RIGHT: HOISTING THE MAINSAIL



CRISIS BEFORE THE START: HARRY SPENCER GOES ALOFT TO CLEAR THE RACING FLAG WHOSE HALYARD HAD BROKEN. LEFT: CAPTAIN MICHAEL BOYLE'S VANITY V WAS JUST TO WINDWARD



EYE CATCHERS

from the London Collections

PHOTOGRAPHS BY DAVID OLINS : CARTOONS BY DAVID MYERS

Hardy Amies catches the eye with lavish use of furs (particularly sable) and hand embroideries. For dresses he prefers a long torso line, while jackets and coats are fitted in front by supple bias cutting. His hats are small, skirts just over the knee.

Mattli catches the eye with new and interesting materials. He chooses fine wools or leather for winter suits, often worn with a blouson. His favourite evening hemline is just above the ankle.

Ronald Paterson catches the eye with the swirl of skirts. They are either flared or achieve movement with box pleats. The fitted look is creeping back into his jackets—the waistline is nearly always defined in front. The uncompromising collarless jacket rarely appears and there are countless choker fur collars.

Victor Stiebel catches the eye with the suppleness of his clothes. Jackets are casually, but definitely, fitted. Skirts are gored and pleated to avoid stiffness. For dresses he likes to top a cummerbund-defined waist with a short straight bodice, and he often allies a blouson top in crêpe or chiffon with a pleated or gored skirt of the same fabric. His hats, like nearly everyone else's, are small and neat.

Charles Creed catches the eye with the discipline of his tailoring. Most of his suit jackets are closely fitted, and his skirts fit over the hips and flare to the hemline. His coats also swirl into freedom below the waist.

Michael of Carlos Place catches the eye with a line of controlled ease. His form-fitting suits are cut with high midriffs, the sleeves are set in low, and many of his skirts flare at the hem or have fullness in the form of panels.

John Cavanagh catches the eye with the delicious swoop and sway of his evening hemlines. During the day he prefers short skirts (cut on the bias & flared) and fitted jacket fronts with backs jutting away from the body.



Hardy Amies' dress and coat in stone coloured wool by Dumas & Maurey. The coat has fly-front fastening, double pockets and a collar of black seal. The dress is in a lighter weight material than the coat, and the flared skirt has four free-swinging over-panels



Mattli's coat of Remon's brown, grey and white mixture tweed, is fully lined with musquash. The blouson—of Rodier's loosely woven white wool—is sleeveless and easy fitting. Rudolf of Grosvenor Street made the turban of swathed brown and white jersey



Ronald Paterson's dress and jacket in cerise knotted diagonal wool by Chatillon Mouly Roussel. Jacket (one of the few collarless ones in the collection) is sable-trimmed and has a sable neck tie. The dress, short sleeved with a low neck, is worn with a sable hat



Victor Stiebel's three-piece is in red, white and grey. The suit, in Rodier's white herringbone wool, has a red chiffon cravat. The topcoat is made in red-checked white wool reversing to grey, by Chatillon Mouly Roussel. Simone Mirman's white cossack hat



Charles Creed's double-textured black suit. The jacket of silky suède (Gino), is worn over a high-necked blouse of yellow silk embossed with black velvet motifs (Bianchini). The skirt is of Ducharne's silk velvet. Simone Mirman's black seal "space helmet"



Michael's suit in coarse brown and white herringbone tweed by Litex of Italy, has a fly-front to the jacket; the skirt is slightly flared and trouser-pleated in front. A long tie of white mink forms a detachable cowl. The white felt hat is by Graham Smith



Cavanagh's evening two-piece made in black velvet by Ducharne. The hem, mid-calf in front, dips to a slight train at the back (a favourite evening line for Cavanagh). The dress has narrow shoulder straps and low-cut back. The jacket has a Russian ermine collar



LONDON PRIDE



Garden construction is the speciality of The Garden Shop, 313 Brompton Road, S.W.3. Not a shop to wander into for cut flowers, it is an office where plans are drawn up and arrangements organized; size of the garden is immaterial, workmen carry out construction and planting out. Estimates are given, though changes can be made during progress. Garden maintenance is taken on within reason. Baskets for flowers are made to order. These shown are in cast iron and cost £2 5s. & £1 18s.; and £3 6s. for the trough (plants extra). Tempting, too, are unusual arrangements of metal flowers mixed with living foliage; fresh flower bouquets for hospital visiting. The shop reopens after a break on 4 September.



Plants reared to deal with the hazards of thriving in London are at the Clifton Nurseries, Clifton Villas, W.9. There is an exhaustive selection to buy or order, and also necessary soils. Seen here, Mr. Sayers, who is in charge of planting out and construction; other services available are a maintenance service, window box service, deliveries anywhere in town and a landscape gardener ready to advise. Staff are helpful to on-the-spot customers. Tubs and ornaments are on sale; they lay paving stone. The nurseries sell turf and do turving; later in the autumn they sell well-rotted farm manure. Customers can choose from a variety of plants, growing naturally in an "Indoor Plant House," started last year.



A man with ideas for planning the usual London garden into something special is 32-year-old Ian Mylles who has recently devised a courtyard garden to a converted Georgian house in St. James's, seen here. It is typical of his work; the eye is immediately drawn to the weeping ash tree (other focal points could be a statue, pool or garden seat). Flower beds follow the square shape of the courtyard, now planted with King of Denmark standard and bush geraniums whose colour contrasts with the walls; later permanent planting will include bright-coloured berries for winter. Mr. Mylles is a pupil of Percy Cane, and has recently started up on his own. Prepared to go anywhere, he is at present designing a garden outside Paris. He suggests formal designs for London, bold colours and paving (not lawns if space is limited).



Window-boxes constitute the sole garden of many Londoners. They can look stunning if they are in the hands of the London Window Box Company (New Quebec Street, tel.: AMB 6611) who provide plants and solve problems pertaining to them. A yearly contract means maintenance and five changes of display per year (plants are grown in a nursery conditioned to London atmosphere). For beginners they supply a standard metal window box filled with compost ready for planting. Without compost, fibreglass boxes and urns are about £5 10s. and £7 10s. respectively. Charges for planting are based on footage and the plants required. These two boxes are fibreglass (on wrought-iron legs at £3 10s. each), filled with red and yellow Coleus, yellow chrysanthemums and red Celosia.

NEWS FROM DUBLIN

THE TATLER
23 August 1961
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PHOTOGRAPHS: BRIEN KIRLEY

In Dublin you can buy made-to-measure clothes that stun for impact but not for price. Irene Gilbert makes top-standard clothes at prices far below those that London couturiers with heavy

overheads are obliged to charge. Her suits cost between 49 and 55 guineas, depending on the material used. Cocktail dresses are from £50; dresses and jackets average £75; so do ball dresses

Bunches of black lilac scattered over sapphire blue pure silk organza make a slim skirt with billowing panels—the starkly fitted, long-sleeved bodice is of black raw silk. In London at Marshall & Snelgrove, about 79½ gns. complete

Suit in loosely woven black and brown striped Irish tweed has a skirt which softly folds into the waist, a semi-fitted jacket. The black and brown blouse is hand-crocheted in Southern Ireland. The suit will be available at Marshall & Snelgrove, Manchester, at about 49½ gns. (without the blouse, which can be ordered separately)



A flight to Paris. Last minutes spent counting currency in the departure lounge for snap buys. It's cheaper buying at tourist rates but smarter to buy something which is unobtainable in England. A scent you can wear and be pretty sure no other woman in the room is wearing, a definitely French lipstick with a definitely French stunning colour. Or a subtle after-shave or plain eau-de-Cologne that any Englishman would snap up—the Chanel Pour Monsieur range with its clean antiseptic smell that appeals to the English taste.

And the Customs man won't lay a finger on the collection in the picture—all come well within the limits. Half a pint of scent and toilet water—not more than half the total amount to be sent. N.B. The Customs deal in pints but scent manufacturers think in ounces—half a pint equals 10 ounces.

Buy it in France—the chic impact of Nina Ricci's Capricci. Spray it on from a gilt and white flask (50 NF for two ounces of *parfum de toilette*) or use it full strength in a Lalique *de luxe* edition (on the right of the picture: 165 NF for 1½ ounces). But hurry if you want to wear Capricci before anyone else, in October it comes to England.

Buy it in France for him—the sturdy white flask of Lotion "After Shave" and eau-de-Cologne in Chanel's Pour Monsieur range.

Buy it in France—the conventional shape of Barbara Gould's lipstick case which carries a cartridge of unconventional colours. Like the beige glimmer of Nacré; the blurred browns of Noisette, Praline and Caramel; the 3D pink of Tamaris and Iris.

Buy it in France—the highly individual scent of Jacques Fath's Love in a gilt atomizer like a big lipstick.





SANDRA LOUSADA

Under Milk Wood at the Lyric, Hammersmith, is being performed by young actors recently graduated from R.A.D.A. Dylan Thomas's play was written for voices, and this production dispenses with sets and costumes, relying on gesture and vocal resource



VERDICTS

history of the British musical. There I am inclined to agree with him, but what can we two do against the many happy family parties who know what they like in the way of light musical entertainment, greet it with continual ripples of laughter and never stay awake at night lugubriously pondering the future of the British musical? Speaking for myself I square up to the ordeal as best I can, and as a reward for taking the strain of much artless inanity come by degrees to feel that what ought to be quite unbearable somehow is not. Amid all the coyness of the story and the tinkling of tunes that rarely do anything else but tinkle there is a touch of something—can it be sincerity?—which comes as a saving grace and carries a hint of why the shows that Mr. Slade and Miss Reynolds concoct have an endearing effect on such a large variety of people.

Except that it is in a comic rather than a romantic idiom, *Wildest Dreams* is almost precisely the same mixture as its forerunners: a mixture of extraordinary naivety and sudden, rather unnerving flashes of worldliness. It describes the visit of a talkative aunt (who was once an actress and has never forgotten the fact) to a wonderfully genteel township in Gloucestershire. The talkative aunt falls in love with a tongue-tied amateur singer; the tongue-tied niece having got herself expelled from school for nothing serious with a voluble visiting journalist. While the aunt makes difficult conversation with her shy lover she acts for our amusement her dreams of how dashing she would like him to behave. The adolescent girl also dreams of her journalist as a sheikh who carries her away to the desert in sultry eastern splendour which yet remains entirely English in its propriety. Interspersed with these dreams are scenes taken from real life yet absurdly unlikeliest. Equally unlikeliest and not very amusing are the teenagers who prefer coke to auntie's sherry but eventually drink a spot of wine and jive decorously. There is an abundance of songs, and Mr. Slade's lilting music seems bent perpetually on concealing its want of meaning, with a measure of success.

Miss Reynolds has written herself a bigger part than usual, and as the aunt whose dreams of youthful romance mingle oddly with her hopes of future happy love she is ever so mildly comic and ever so mildly pathetic. But the audience love her, perhaps finding a faintly Joyce Grenfellish flavour about her readiness to be disillusioned and her gameness in provoking still further disillusionment. As the shy niece Miss Anna Dawson sings prettily, and Mr. Angus Mackay and Mr. John Baddeley are the typical young men whose white sports cars are more important than themselves.

ANTHONY COOKMAN ON PLAYS

Wildest Dreams. Vaudeville Theatre (Dorothy Reynolds, Anna Dawson, Angus Mackay, John Baddeley)

Mildest Dreams

IT IS THE TIME OF YEAR WHEN THE THEATRICALY SOPHISTICATED, IF they cannot stop themselves from going to first nights, have to take pot luck with the simple and pure in heart. The interlopers, needless to say, are a well-mannered lot. If they are ever tempted to demonstrate surprise at the extraordinary things offered them in the way of entertainment they have the good sense to repress the silly impulse. The unsophisticated are in possession of the house. What these happy people are seeing is a play diligently crammed with all the things that please them best and their response is beautiful in its spontaneity. A howl of derision would be as much out of place here as in a family party laughing and sentimentalizing over things that they have always laughed and sentimentalized over. The sophisticate has perhaps forgotten that there are plays written specifically for the enjoyment, not of the individual playgoer, but of audiences that are largely composed of family parties. The chief contributors to this dramaturgy in recent years have been Mr. Julian Slade and Miss Dorothy Reynolds, and *Wildest Dreams* at the Vaudeville is the latest specimen to brave critical displeasure and, however inexplicably, to give enormous pleasure to a numerous and entirely respectable public.

"Is entertainment so wrong?" asks Mr. Slade somewhat disingenuously, pointing out that whatever happens at the Vaudeville the show has entertained many people in a provincial tour which began at Cheltenham and extended as far north as Aberdeen. I can vouch for its friendly reception at Cheltenham, and it seemed to me that its reception at the Vaudeville a week or two ago was no less friendly. It was heartily damned by one of my more sophisticated colleagues on the ground that it was on the same toboggan slide that was started by *Salad Days*, which he regarded as one of the most distressing backward steps in the

**ELSPETH
GRANT
ON
FILMS**

The Parent Trap. Director David Swift.

The Philadelphia Story. Director George Cukor (1940).

Sparkling comedies—& 20 years apart

MR. DAVID SWIFT, WHO WROTE AND DIRECTED THE MOST RECENT SCREEN version of *Pollyanna*, starring Miss Hayley Mills, also wrote and directed Mr. Walt Disney's latest "live" movie, **The Parent Trap**, in which Miss Hayley Mills also stars—twice. I say "twice" because, as a pair of twins, Miss Mills gives two separate and brilliantly differentiated performances—either of which should rate an Oscar. It is quite obvious that Mr. Swift and Miss Mills understand one another perfectly. They are resigned, one feels, to indulging Mr. Disney in his sentimental taste for sweetness—but only as long as his eye is on them; the moment his back is turned, they're up to mischief—gleefully strewing salt on the sugar, merrily mixing acid into the soothing syrup. I couldn't enjoy their naughty sense of fun more.

Two 14-year-old girls—Sharon (Miss Mills), a Boston-bred model of decorum, and Susan (Miss Mills), a pert little puss from Monterey—meet at a summer holiday camp. It strikes them as odd that they look exactly alike and that their birthdays are the same—and surely it's rather rum that whereas Sharon has no father, Susan has no mother? They soon tumble to the explanation: they are the twin daughters of a couple who were divorced 13 years ago, and went their separate ways, each taking one of the babies as a souvenir of their broken marriage.

Susan describes Pop (Mr. Brian Keith) as "gorgeous"; she lives with him and should know. Sharon declares that Mom (Miss Maureen O'Hara), with whom *she* lives, is "simply fabulous." Obviously, since neither parent has married again, these two charming people should be brought together and re-united—and Susan and Sharon are the girls to do it.

For a start, they swap identities—and to my astonishment, since at all times Miss Mills makes it subtly clear which is which, nobody knows the difference. Miss O'Hara happily and unquestioningly accepts Susan, just as Mr. Keith accepts Sharon; *he* can, perhaps, be excused his lack of perception—he has something on his mind. He is, in fact, planning to marry Miss Joanna Barnes—a calculating young person who finds his millions irresistible.

Sharon telephones the shattering news to Boston-based Susan: they will have to act quickly to prevent the imminent catastrophe. Susan accordingly declares herself to Miss O'Hara and asks to be taken home to her father in California. Miss O'Hara develops a glint in the eye; shedding her Bostonian stately-matron personality, she equips herself with a ravishing wardrobe and a wild hair-do—and, taking Susan in tow, sets off to confront the husband she hasn't seen since their divorce.

Their meeting explains their parting—they quarrel like cat and dog. The twins stand blissfully by—they know that only people who love one another behave like this. Maybe Miss Barnes knows it, too: she looks lividly on, gnashing her pretty teeth.

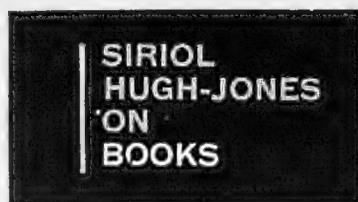
You will, of course, guess that Miss O'Hara and the twins succeed in routing Miss Barnes—the methods used are dreadfully unsporting but extremely funny—and that Mr. Keith and Miss O'Hara finally decide to accept each other again, for better or worse. In the over-long closing scene, Mr. Swift allows Mr. Disney the dollop of unadulterated *goo* for which he has been hankering all along. It is altogether too much for me—but I wouldn't have missed Miss Mills's enchanting and inspired dual performance for the world.

Prominently in support are a bunch of my favourite old-timers: Mr. Charlie Ruggles as a wily grandfather; Miss Cathleen Nesbitt as his domineering wife; Mr. Leo G. Carroll as a clergyman with a quite unclerical sense of humour, and Miss Una Merkel as a housekeeper accurately described as having a built-in "gossip tuner" and wall to wall hearing.

It was a great, nostalgic pleasure to see (by courtesy of The National Film Theatre) **The Philadelphia Story**, that delicious and sophisticated comedy, now 21 years old, of which *High Society* (the film you are likely to remember as Miss Grace Kelly's last) was a musical version. Despite slightly fuzzy projection and a rather scratchy print, all the original sparkle came across just as one had hoped—and the witty dialogue still fizzed and crackled just as we recalled it did when first we heard it. Nobody seems to make films quite like this, these days; I cannot, off-hand, think of any recent comedy that I would want to see 21 years hence. Can you? Based on a play by Mr. Philip Barry, produced by Mr. Joseph L. Mankiewicz and directed by Mr. George Cukor, it is an absolute gem. I am inclined to think that the players involved were at their very best here. Miss Katharine Hepburn, as the rich Philadelphia divorcee; Mr. John Howard (I wonder what happened to him?) as the self-made, priggish man she intends to marry; Mr. James Stewart as the reporter with whom she gets deplorably, compromisingly drunk on the eve of her wedding; Mr. Cary Grant as her teasing but understanding ex-husband. The more I think of it, the more I am persuaded that these stars have never done anything better. And in addition to them, there are Miss Mary Nash, fantastically hatted as a Society matron, cool Miss Ruth Hussey as Mr. Stewart's long-suffering girl-friend, wicked Mr. Roland Young as Uncle Willie, and the beguiling little Miss Virginia Weidler as a demon child. Ah, my chickadees! This was high comedy! Those were the days!



Hayley Mills, younger daughter of the ubiquitous and talented Mills family, with Maureen O'Hara as her mother in Disney's *The Parent Trap*



The late and still lamented Lord B

LIKE AT LEAST NINE OUT OF TEN OTHER WOMEN, I HAVE NEVER BEEN able quite to get over the fact that Lord Byron is no longer with us (in my case this is somehow made even less endurable by the fact that he died on my birthday, with a mere century between the two dates.) Doris Langley Moore has done more than merely cherish the obsessive passion that gnaws away at all our hearts—she has devoted a considerable amount of scholarship and time to clarifying His Lordship's elegant features for the world to see. The history of her new giant book **The Late Lord Byron** and how it came to be written is enormously romantic and somehow very fitting. Lady Wentworth, the eccentric and beautiful daughter of Wilfred Scawen Blunt, breeder of Arab horses, owner of Crabtree Park and great-grand-daughter of Lord Byron, saw some letters Mrs. Langley Moore had written to the *Sunday Times* about Lord Byron and offered to allow her to examine the famous—notorious, even—Lovelace papers which had previously been kept jealousy guarded from biographers. This long and brilliant study is the result.

Mrs. Langley Moore has conceived the excellent plan of using her material to illuminate the figure of Lord Byron as it emerges through the wildly passionate quarrels, intrigues and scandals that arose about him immediately following his death. She is admittedly partisan on his behalf—who could not be?—and her villains are the frigid and self-righteous Lady Byron and the half-demented, insanely jealous and vindictive Lady Caroline Lamb, “muddled” by brandy and laudanum and determined to blacken Byron's character as much as she could.

The book is wholly enthralling, and the hero walks through it with the wit and liveliness we expect of him (who else in the world would have written, about a disappointed young American visitor, “I suspect that he did not take quite so much to me, from his having expected to meet a misanthropic gentleman, in wolf-skin breeches, and answering in fierce monosyllables, instead of a man of the world.”).

There have been few writers with the sort of personality likely to make a posthumous legend as powerful as Byron's, but in fact Colette may prove to be one of them. She is someone whose personal legend may quite easily eclipse the fact that she was a formidably good writer. Already I am becoming wary of the numbers of books once more recounting, with a sort of holy awe, the stories of her love of animals, the importance she attached to the five senses, her devotion to her mother, her life with Willy, her numerous affairs, her absolute and somehow alarming dedication to her profession. The newest, simply called **Colette**, is by a young American, Elaine Marks. Her attitude towards Colette seems to me to be of faintly exaggerated reverence, to the extent of her writing, with complete seriousness, “The arthritis which was eventually to immobilize her completely had begun. It almost coincided with the fall of France.” The content is pleasant but seems to me to add little to what has been written about Colette already, and some of the translating is less than satisfactory. When faced with this sort of sentence—“But what is an evening at the theatre that liberates at midnight an uncertain crowd, not angry to have sounded the depths of the soft, the predictable, the facile, stuffed with commonplaces, with sweetish aphorisms and with what case, what lightness—Neither angry nor even bored, because Monsieur Pujol does not lack skill, is not maladroit”—I find one thinks not “What a

Lord Byron, by Doris Langley Moore. (Murray, 42s.)

Colette, by Elaine Marks. (Secker & Warburg, 27s. 6d.)

Place Of Stones, by Ruth Janette Ruck. (Faber, 21s.)

The Lifeline, by Hugo Charteris. (Collins, 18s.)

Angélique And The Sultan, by Sergeanne Golon. (Heinemann, 21s.)

Dresden, Gemäldegalerie. (Oldbourne Press, 35s.)

An Introduction To Chinese Art, by Michael Sullivan. (Faber, 50s.)

The Ceramic Art Of Korea. (Faber, 63s.)

superb writer” so much as “Let's have it again once more and slowly.”

Briefly ... I liked **Place Of Stones**, by Ruth Janette Ruck, a touching, unpretentious and homely book, lonely and serious, about learning to farm in Snowdonia. ... **The Lifeline**, by Hugo Charteris, is a very long Scottish romp about Tulloch/Traquhair who plays Little John in a TV serial and takes over an hotel in the Highlands, and half-way through, alas, I lost the thread, the point, the impetus, the lot. Mr. Charteris writes very well, and why he chose to write this particular book is a mystery to me. ... “She experienced the delicious mastery of his grasp as he raised her and welded her to his smooth, hard chest.” This sort of steamy, riotously funny stuff will be recognized instantly by fans as coming from nothing less than the very latest instalment of the perils of Angélique—**Angélique And The Sultan**, by Sergeanne Golon. For 374 riproaring pages Angélique (reclining right across the jacket in a black nightie) tears off in search of her first husband, the enigmatic “scarred nobleman” she had thought burned at the command of Louis XIV (I thought so too, silly me, which only goes to show how this mighty serial keeps one on one's toes). As usual, everyone falls insanely in love with long-lasting little old Angélique (I thought she was well on into middle age by now, but evidently much has been crammed into but a short life); there is the usual lavish ration of sex and a spot of torture, and this instalment ends tantalizingly: “Couldn't she find some virgin land where men of goodwill will be welcomed? Oh Lord ... where?” My, I'm glad you asked that question. I look forward keenly to all sorts of follow-ups, such as *Angélique and the Son of Tarzan*, *Angélique and Lassie* and *Angélique and the Finn Family Moomintroll*. Let them all come, the girl is indestructible.

Handsome recent picture-books include: **Dresden, Gemäldegalerie**, an enjoyable guide to the State Gallery in Dresden, hampered slightly by the stiffness of the translation of the German text; **An Introduction To Chinese Art** by Michael Sullivan, with a nice fat section of illustrations and a good clear text explaining what has always seemed to me a subject of enormous fascination and almost impenetrable obscurity; and a good-looking bookful of cool, elegant vases, water-pots, bottles and boxes called **The Ceramic Art Of Korea**, edited by Chewon Kim and G. St. G. M. Gompertz.



The Sound of Music, London cast.

The Sound of Music, by Benny Goodman.

Intimate Jazz, by Phil Moody.

Speakin' My Piece, by Horace Parlan.

Sister Salvation, by Slide Hampton.

Dull sounds of music

THE MUSIC OF RODGERS AND HAMMERSTEIN CAN USUALLY BE RECKONED as a potential winner, but I confess that I can voice nothing but disappointment about the London cast's performance of **The Sound of Music**. The themes are trite, the lyrics even duller, and the whole show seems to hang on the false glory of “the American musical” (CSD1365). There is even less to redeem Benny Goodman's version of the same music (MGM-C-858). The group which he assembled is potentially interesting, being a 10-piece band. Perhaps Fred Karlin's arrangements never get to grips with the situation, but the overall results are dull to the point of boredom. No one in the group, which embraces names like Red Norvo, Flip Phillips, and Bill Harris, has anything original to say, and the arrangements savour of 1940, not 1960.

Then there is Phil Moody's quintet playing **Intimate Jazz** (GGL0085), one of Pye's Golden Guinea discs. It is difficult to assess this music in terms of jazz, because so many of the ingredients do not exist. The leader's piano work is so often a carbon copy of things played by George Shearing 10 years ago, while the rhythm section seems to be happy to beat out the simplest four-in-a-bar rhythm. Only Paul Horn's flute is worth mentioning in the solo field.

Luckily not all the sounds of music I have to hear are in such dreary

vein. I am immensely impressed by *Speakin' my piece* (BN 4043), an album of forthright rhythmic jazz, with soloists to match. The leader is pianist Horace Parlan, one of those economical players who goes straight for the beat without too many complications. The Pittsburgh-born pianist is best known for his work with Charles Mingus's band, and has a most commendably direct approach to jazz. Aided by the brothers Turrentine, Tommy on the trumpet, Stanley on tenor, they demonstrate a healthy understanding of the blues, especially in the blues-flavoured *Rastus*. Horace's piano style is basic, and difficult to put into any ready-made category. At times he picks his way delicately through a solo, darting in every direction, and then suddenly breaks into hard-hitting chords.

The session is impressive for the way the front line blows—call it modern if you like—and for the firm but unobtrusive contribution made by the rhythm section.

The advantages of starting a musical career at a very early age are amply proved by Slide Hampton, who began his in the family band at the tender age of three. Now he is one of the promising young men on the American jazz scene, a brilliant arranger, and an accomplished trombonist. *Sister Salvation* (LTZ-K15225) is the first album by his augmented octet to be released in Britain. It portrays an immense wealth of sound, harmonic integration of the highest order, and some assertive solos. As a break from the wide open blowing sessions, which so often degenerate into a string of solos over a bare rhythm section, I find this record most interesting and encouraging in its proof that all the American writers and arrangers are not concentrating on high-falutin' nonsense. Mr. Hampton meets his audience half way, and must sweep them along with him without conceding any commercial gimmicks.



Italian Bronze Statuettes. Victoria and Albert Museum

See this six times

AT THIS TIME OF THE YEAR I ALWAYS FIND MYSELF GIVING THREE QUIET cheers for the Arts Council. When so many of the London art dealers have closed their galleries or, what is little better from my viewpoint, filled them with mixed—extremely mixed—exhibitions, and withdrawn temporarily from the art rat-race, the Council goes full steam ahead not only in London but also in remote outposts of culture such as Hull and Bedford.

As the wonderful *Daumier* and the *Architecture Today* exhibitions drew to a close the magnificent *Italian Bronze Statuettes* exhibition opened in South Kensington, to be followed after only a few days by *Stage Design in Great Britain since 1945* at the Council's St. James's Square gallery.

So far I have been to the show at the V. & A. three times, and I shall have to go at least three more before I can claim really to have seen it. However, my third visit coincided with an official lecture on Italian bronzes from which I learned at least one thing worth imparting to prospective visitors. It is simply that the best way to get the most out of the exhibition is by first spending an hour in the Museum's Cast Room—preferably with Miss Helen Lowenthal of the V. & A.'s lecture staff.

When I joined her camp-stool-carrying flock, in which, as is usual on these occasions, men were outnumbered five to one by women, Miss Lowenthal explained apologetically that we would spend half our time in the Cast Room in order not to disturb other visitors to the Arts Council's show for longer than necessary.

But the Cast Room needs no apologies. It is a vast, and vastly exciting, hall dominated from one end by Michelangelo's giant David and from the other by Ghiberti's doors for the Baptistery at Florence. Around the latter we were invited to set our camp stools and listen to Miss Lowenthal expatiating on the glories of Ghiberti as a prelude to



Leonardo da Vinci's Rearing Horse, owned by Mr. Pierre Jeannerat

viewing the small gilt bronze figures of Saints Andrew and Francis, somewhat hesitantly attributed to him, that represent the beginning of the Renaissance in the exhibition.

Turning our backs on the Baptistery doors we were facing a wonderful cast of the whole baptismal font of the Church of St. John the Baptist in Siena, on which both Ghiberti and Donatello worked. Donatello, said our lecturer, was both the Shakespeare and the Beethoven of sculpture in the 15th century. And she pointed out, on top of the font, a cheerful, plump little *putto* of whom we were soon to see a replica in the exhibition (Catalogue No. 3).

This seemed to me an excellent way to approach the subject. Not only did we feel, when we met the little *putto*, that we were meeting a friend, we felt also something of the original desire that must have stirred in the hearts of Renaissance men when they first saw him, the desire to have little figures like him around them in their homes.

It was some such feeling as this that started the fashion for the small bronze statuette as a household ornament or as an adornment of something of everyday use. The passionate interest of the age in classical antiquity resulted in a vogue for pieces that, though intended as echoes of classical works, were in fact highly original and unclassical.

Unfortunately, the necessity of showing the exhibits in glass cases precludes us from the pleasure of enjoying them as their original owners did. But we have the compensation of knowing that probably not even a Medici prince ever saw under one roof such a collection of these gems.

The names alone of the sculptors represented make an awe-inspiring sort of music—Donatello, Pollajuola, Verrocchio, Bertoldo, Riccio, Giovanni Bologna and, if we are to believe the catalogue rather than Miss Lowenthal, Leonardo da Vinci.

According to the catalogue the Rearing Horse, lent to the exhibition by my fellow art critic Pierre Jeannerat, is likely to be a cast from a wax model made by Leonardo as a study for his fresco *The Battle of Anghiari*. According to Miss Lowenthal there is nothing certain that it was ever associated with Leonardo, though he is "the father of these impassioned, prancing horses." It is more probable, says Miss L., the work of Rustici, who is represented in the exhibition by a fountain figure of Mercury that was once partly mechanized.

When I ran into Mr. Jeannerat on my way out of the show I did not tell him of this verdict on his proudest possession. But he did tell me how he bought it for 11½ guineas in a job lot at Christie's in 1933! And whether it is by Leonardo or Rustici, it is so precious that he does not play the Renaissance gentleman with it. He keeps it in the bank.

DINING IN

A symposium of steaks

Helen Burke

WHILE ONE MAY ARGUE THAT FILLET STEAK HAS LESS FLAVOUR THAN rump or sirloin, the fact remains that there is never enough of it to go round. Few people would consider cooking such tender and expensive meat in any other way than grilling but, for best results, that means having fairly thick steaks. I do not think that steaks of, say, half an inch thick can be successfully grilled and those of an inch thick are just a little more than most of us can manage. They can be delicious and equally tender, if quickly fried. I have come by a griddle which is ideal for thin steaks, but a good frying-pan will do almost as well.

This STEAK KNICKERBOCKER I enjoyed recently in a private home in the United States. First, for 4 servings, prepare the sauce. Melt 1 oz. butter and, in it, fry a chopped onion to a pale brown. Work in and brown a level teaspoon of flour, then add 3 tablespoons of sherry, 6 to 8 oz. chopped cleaned mushrooms, a chopped good-sized mild green pepper and $\frac{1}{2}$ to $\frac{3}{4}$ lbs. of chopped, skinned and de-seeded ripe tomatoes. Cover and cook for 10 minutes.

When the sauce is almost ready, quickly fry to your own taste in a thick pan four steaks of just under $\frac{1}{2}$ inch thick, taken from the middle of the fillet. Season them with salt and pepper. Place them on a heated serving-dish and spoon the sauce down the centre. Sprinkle with chopped parsley and, with the steaks, serve tiny boiled potatoes turned in butter.

Another excellent dish, again for 4 servings, is STEAKS WITH PAPRIKA CREAM. Quickly fry over a very good heat four $\frac{1}{2}$ -inch steaks in 2 oz. butter and a teaspoon of vegetable oil. Season them to taste. Lift them on to a heated serving-dish.

Away from the heat, add to the frying-pan $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon paprika, a tablespoon Madeira, the juice of half a lemon and a pinch of salt. Blend these together over a lowish heat, then add $\frac{1}{2}$ pint double cream. Simmer to thicken the sauce a little then pour it over the steaks. With these steaks, I suggest boiled noodles, turned in butter.

FOR STEAKS PROVENCALE, buy 1 lb. thickish little courgettes. Cut them into $\frac{1}{2}$ -inch slices, peeled or not, just as you like. Melt 1 oz. butter in a largish pan in which the courgettes can be arranged in one layer. Place them in it and, between them, place a finely chopped small onion, 4 chopped skinned and de-seeded good-sized tomatoes, a chopped green pepper, freed of seeds and tissue, of course, and a chopped small clove of garlic, though this last can be omitted.

Sprinkle over the top a dessertspoon of olive oil and salt and freshly milled pepper to taste. Cover and simmer for 15 to 20 minutes. If there is more moisture than is wanted, leave the lid off for the last few minutes to evaporate it.

Meanwhile, get a frying-pan hot. Put 1 to 2 oz. butter and a dessertspoon of olive oil in it, then quickly fry on both sides 4 fillet steaks of $\frac{1}{2}$ inch or less thickness. Transfer them to a heated serving dish.

To the slightly cooled frying-pan, add a tablespoon of Madeira and rub it around to absorb the residue. Boil up, pour the sauce over the steaks, sprinkle them with chopped parsley and surround them with the courgettes.

FOR STEAK AU POIVRE, make the onion dressing first. Gently cook a chopped onion in an ounce of butter in a small pan. Add 6 tablespoons of red wine and simmer for 5 minutes. Have, as before, 4 fillet or sirloin steaks of $\frac{1}{2}$ -inch thickness. Cover both sides generously with coarsely milled black pepper and gently pat it into the meat. Fry the steaks, to taste, in a little olive oil in a hot pan. Leave to cool a little, then pour the sauce around them and cook gently for a further minute.

Place the steaks in a heated serving dish. Increase the heat to reduce the sauce. Season with salt to taste, add $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. butter in small pieces, pour the sauce over the steaks, sprinkle them with chopped parsley and serve at once.

The useful two-in-one griddle in solid aluminium, to which I referred at the beginning of these notes, I have been using for thinnish steaks and chops which, as I have said, can be grilled successfully. This griddle (27s. 6d.) really does a splendid job. The ribbed side is for steaks, chops and so on; the flat side is for griddle cakes, drop scones and all those foods generally cooked in an "ordinary" frying-pan.

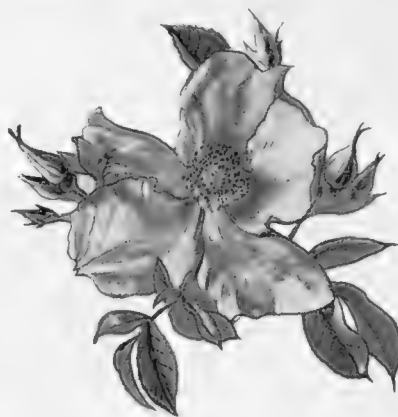
Here is what to do: Place the griddle, ribbed side up, on the cooker and slowly heat it through. Pour a little vegetable oil into a plate and dip each steak or chop on both sides in it. Then, when the griddle is really hot, place the steaks or chops on it. To turn them, slip a metal spatula under them and over they come. With a little adaptation, the steaks mentioned above can be cooked in this way.

ROSES AND ROSE GROWING

The timeless Mermaid

G. S. Fletcher

LIKE CERTAIN EXCLUSIVE LONDON AND PARISIAN SHOPS THAT OCCASIONALLY devote their windows to a single item, I propose to devote this article entirely to one rose, treating it at greater length than would otherwise be possible. I have chosen the choicest of climbing roses, *Mermaid*. Many roses, as I have already mentioned, are distinctly period in one way or another, but *Mermaid*, though introduced as recently as 1918, is one of those timeless roses that deserve to be grown in all rose gardens. The rose was a cross between the *Macartney Rose* introduced by Lord Macartney from China in 1765—one of the more delightful results of diplomatic missions—and a yellow tea rose. *Mermaid* has an exquisite scent—apricots mingled with the fragrance of old tea caddies—and its

*Mermaid*

flower is spectacular. These flowers are of great size and of a creamy-primrose colour, deepening to orange in the centre, like a fried egg. In the centre is a crown of dark orange stamens. These golden stamens make the rose interesting even after the petals have gone; at this stage, the bloom resembles the Rose of Sharon. *Mermaid*, by the way, flowers continuously. The young foliage is tinted with red, but, when mature, the leaves are glossy. They remain until winter and are, in fact, semi-evergreen. The leaves are healthy and generally free from most rose diseases, though the leaf-cutter bee is addicted to sawing chunks off them.

Mermaid is hardy and is a tremendous grower. Once established, it will quickly cover a wall and succeed on almost any wall. It is, however, better when allowed to climb at will over a shed or summer house. This variety makes strong lateral shoots which tend to push themselves away from the wall and its sharp thorns make a difficult job of training it as a wall rose. It is an ideal rose for covering an unsightly wire fence.

Mermaid requires little pruning, apart from cutting away any of the dead wood it occasionally leaves behind; this can be pruned away to a new bud, but it must not be pruned the first year after planting. After that, apart from tying in which should be done cautiously, the rose is best left alone. My illustration shows a fully-opened *Mermaid*, but no black and white reproduction can convey anything of its quality.

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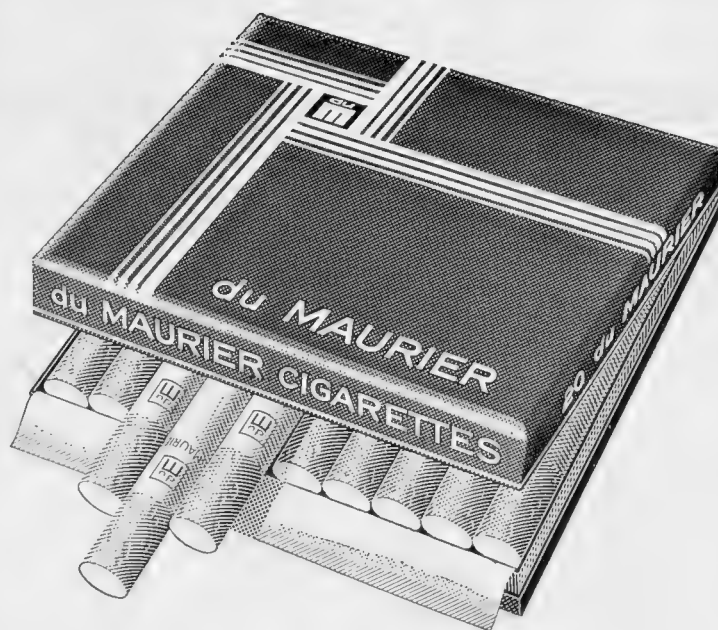
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MAN'S WORLD

Travelling companions

David Morton

AIR TRAVEL HAS REVOLUTIONIZED LUGGAGE—IT HAS TO BE LIGHTER than ever before, when every pound counts towards that excess baggage figure. Revelation have a new range of extra light luggage—a 25-in. suitcase of large capacity weighs only 6½ lb. This range, called *Silverline*, is made of thermoplastic sheet, practically indestructible, flexible, scuff-resistant and resilient. As the material has no outer covering it can't be torn or punctured. The colour extends throughout the material too, so it can't fade. At the moment, only charcoal grey is available. This looks extremely smart, but later tan, white and blue will be on the market. Smallest size is 24-in. at £8 9s. 6d., medium 25-in. is 10s. more, and the 28-in. size is £9 19s. 6d.

A useful feature of Revelation luggage is that colours are not always confined to one range—if you buy a *Silverline* case for instance, you can team it with other Revelation pieces. I would add a flight bag, 5 gns. This is a convenient size and has been endorsed by BEA, who will allow it as cabin luggage. On an overnight trip to Paris, say, it would hold all one's requirements and allow one to clear Customs before other people's cases had been unloaded. The model in pigskin finish has a zip document case built in; cost £7 19s. 6d.

Revelation made their name with expanding cases; the latches and hinges are on ratchets and allow the case to expand or contract. These used to be made of vulcanized fibre, but are now light ply with plastic covering, in keeping with Revelation's lightning policy. Another useful suitcase is the Rev-iron which has an electric travelling iron built in. The handle of the iron is also the handle of the case; 10 gns.

Some of the smoothest-looking luggage on the market comes from America—the Samsonite Silhouette range. It's made of magnesium

covered with vinyl, locks with an ingenious clipping action that is extremely positive. The locks are concealed, the handles are comfortable to grip, and the twin initial plates that are fitted as a matter of course are a nice extra touch. A three-suit case costs £26, including three hangers, that I think could be sturdier. There is a 21-in. companion case for overnight use for £15. This luggage is splendid for man and wife, as the range includes a ladies' case and beauty case. I think the nicest finishes out of a range of five are the Oxford grey and Desert tan, though I was impressed by the alligator finish that Simpson's of Piccadilly have just added to the display. Harrods also sell Samsonite luggage. Executives will like the overnight case with pockets for documents; £17.

I have left genuine leather luggage until last because it is my own favourite. English coach hide, treated occasionally to a clean with saddle soap, will last for years and be the best travelling companion anyone could wish. It acquires a travelled look of its own. Going into any luggage department where they sell hide cases is a pleasure—the smell is delicious; at Harrods this department is an olfactory treat second only to their flower halls. Fortnum & Mason have a good range of luggage, too, in their basement. The *Airweight* range is handsome—much of its character is expressed in the extra wide strap. Choose from a wide range of sizes up to 34-in. in tan, or black with a white stitch. Have a look at the passport case in coach hide or pigskin, with additional pockets for all the things one usually clenches in one's teeth—landing cards, luggage checks, tickets, etc.

Asprey's have some fine luggage, as one might expect. The majority is in English hide, but they have some elegantly styled Italian and Austrian luggage, also well tanned. But to command real respect from hall porters, footmen, and the upstairs maid, invest in a fitted dressing case. This is an Asprey masterpiece, every detail perfect. There are two ivory backed brushes, with pure bristle, of course. A clothes brush. Two silver mounted bottles. A mirror. A wet-pack complete with shaving things. Manicure accessories. In crocodile this costs £257 0s. In pigskin, £127 10s.

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MOTORING

Wanted—a driver's charter

Gordon Wilkins

ANYONE WHO DRIVES A CAR CAN BREATHE A SIGH OF RELIEF THAT TWO thoroughly unsatisfactory new road traffic bills—the Motor Vehicles (Passenger Insurance) Bill, and the new Road Traffic Act—have failed to survive their passage along the legislative conveyor belt. The insurance bill, a private member's measure, was full of good intentions, but failed in its main objective. Most comprehensive car policies already cover injuries to passengers, but the majority of insurers are reluctant to cover passengers in sports cars or on motorcycles and scooters—some refuse to cover them at any price. The Bill would have made it compulsory, without saying how it was to be done, or at what price.

The community insists on owners of motor vehicles insuring against injuries to third parties, because the people affected may be struck at any time, without previous warning. But a person who accepts a ride in a vehicle does so voluntarily with full knowledge of the possible consequences. If they wish to insure against the risks, they can easily take out a personal accident policy. The bill would have driven insurance premiums on sports cars, motorcycles and scooters up to levels prohibitive for many people (the insurance companies refused to estimate just how high they would go) but worst of all, it would have given no protection to a husband or wife injured when their marriage partner was driving—in law a spouse cannot sue. Many people, including myself, pointed out its defects to its sponsor Mr. John Cronin, a London surgeon, and to his credit he sought to withdraw it.

The other Bill was much worse and though it has faded from the scene for a time, I fear it will be back before this Parliament has run its course. It was designed to create a great new apparatus of oppression, with tests for drivers accused of having drunk too much (though not necessarily drunk) a great extension of disqualifications and a vast increase in the penalties for even the most trivial misdemeanours. At the third prosecution in three years, a driver could have lost his licence and his livelihood for having a faulty lamp bulb.

It is odd that while the whole trend of our penal system towards the crimes which used to be regarded as serious, such as murder and rape, is away from punishment and towards reform and persuasion, our motoring laws remain an example of purely vindictive legislation, with no reformatory element whatever. Parliament seems full of people who advocate taking driving licences away wholesale “because this is the penalty drivers fear most”—not because it does any good. In fact the people who think seriously about these things realise that it is a harsh punishment, but it contributes very little to road safety.

I thought the Earl of Arran summed up the Bill fairly adequately. Dismissing it as “punitive and repressive legislation,” he said: “There is hardly one constructive idea in the whole of this document. The aim seems to be to stop and to intimidate. What amazes me is not so much the size of the casualty figures as their relative smallness. In 1934 with 2½ million vehicles there were 7,350 deaths, in 1939 with 3 million there were 8,300 deaths and in 1960, with 9 million, there were 6,900 deaths. What about accidents in the home? 8,000 died last year as a result of these accidents, but we never or hardly ever hear about them.”

The Bill proposed heavy new penalties for ignoring traffic signs, but did nothing to ensure that we have signs that are comprehensible and which conform to international standards. Said Lord Conesford: “In this country traffic signs are grossly excessive in number. They are often obscure and they are frequently unbelievably silly.” Several members of the House of Lords were puzzled at the Government's one-sided approach to the drink question, and suggested that comprehensive action should be taken against all drunken road users, not just against drivers. Said Lord Foley: “It seems to me incredible that motorists should have to pass a test while cyclists and pedestrians do not.” But he and his colleagues were severely lectured by Lord Hailsham who made it abundantly clear that drunkenness by other road users is in an entirely different category, even though it causes accidents, and there is no chance of this Government taking any action to deal with it.

On the whole, Hansard's reports on the debates on the Bill make thoroughly depressing reading. Old, tired arguments that we have heard since the car was first invented, with rarely a glimmer of a detached, constructive approach. But perhaps it is to be expected in a country which even now is wasting its meagre road construction funds on building dangerous and inadequate new highways which will be obsolete before they are finished.



The exclusive and the popular. Left: a simple conversion evolved for the Ford Anglia saloon by Friary Motors Ltd. of Basingstoke (turning it into a car with the capacity of a small station wagon). Backward sloping window is removed and a new rear quarter panel and quarter windows fitted sweeping down to the rear wings. Cost, just over £89. Right: the B.M.C. Mini beach car produced by the styling department at Longbridge. A limited number is being sold to hotels in France, Florida and California. It will not be available to the general public



PÓVOA & LONGLE

de Beck—de Melo: Marina, daughter of Baron & Baroness Frederick de Beck, of Ario da Serros, Maloiera da Sierra, Portugal, was married to Jorge Pinheiro, son of the Count & Countess of Arnoso of Cascais, Lisbon, at Maloiera Chapel



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Wright—Williamson: Patricia Margaret, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. E. A. Wright, of Fenny Slade, Potters Bar, Middlesex, was married to Lorne, son of Dr. Bruce Williamson, of London, and Mrs. Margaret Williamson, of Hadley Wood, Herts, at St. Mary the Virgin, Monken Hadley



Shaw—Gaffney: Fiona Esmé Gildroy, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. G. R. Shaw, Crossbank Hill, Hurworth-on-Tees, Darlington, was married to Edward Fane Travers, son of the late Capt. E. D. Gaffney & Mrs. S. J. Hannaford, Ledsham-in-Wirral, Cheshire, at the Guards' Chapel, London



O'Neill—Morgan: the Hon. Fionn O'Neill, daughter of the late Colonel Lord O'Neill and Mrs. Ian Fleming, of 16 Victoria Square, S.W.1 was married to John, son of Mr. & Mrs. J. E. R. Morgan, at St. Margaret's, Westminster

FORTHCOMING MARRIAGES

Mr. G. Williams and Miss L. Canning

The engagement is announced between Gerald, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. B. M. Williams, of Brenchley, Kent, and Lindel, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Victor Canning, of Brenchley, Kent.

Mr. J. G. Hull and Miss G. A. Stemp

The engagement is announced between John Grove, son of the late Mr. T. E. O. Hull, and of Mrs. Hull, of 50, Southway, London, N.W.11, and Gillian Ann, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Leslie F. Stemp, of Eastnor Lodge, Wray Park Road, Reigate, Surrey.

Mr. G. T. Jennings Clark and Miss M. H. Moran

The engagement is announced between Geoffrey Thomas, son of Mr. and Mrs. H. T. Jennings Clark, of 14 Viceroy Lodge, Kingsway, Hove, Sussex, and Mary Helena, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. P. J. Moran, of Deelmount, Askeaton, Co. Limerick.

Lieutenant-Commander P. F. M. Milner, R.N., and Miss S. M. Steel

The engagement is announced between Peter Frank Morrell Milner, son of Mr. L. Milner, of Presthorpe House, Bingley, Yorkshire, and Mr. E. M. Milner, of Fern Cottage, Slingsby, York, and Sarah (Sallie) Macfarlane Steel, youngest daughter of the late Lieutenant-Colonel M. R. Steel, D.S.O., M.C., T.D., and Mrs. M. R. Steel, of Langbaugh Cottage, Great Ayton, Yorkshire.

Mr. A. W. McK. Burman and Miss J. M. Williams

The engagement is announced between Alistair William McKenzie, only son of Mr. and Mrs. Basil Burman, of Cape Town and London, and Jennifer Mary, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Neville H. Williams, of Kensington, London.

Mr. N. J. Barnett and Miss D. Moss

The engagement is announced of Neville John, son of Mr. and Mrs. John Barnett, of 51 Brantwood Road, London, S.E.24, to Diane, elder daughter of Mrs. Millie Moss, of 3a Coverdale Road, London, N.W.2, and the late Mr. Cyril Moss, of Hull.

Mr. D. Conn and Miss S. Martin

The engagement is announced between Douglas, son of Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Conn, of Claggan, Limavady, Co. Derry, and Shena, elder daughter of the late Lt.-Col. J. L. Martin, R.A.M.C., and Mrs. E. T. Martin, 47 Sandgate Road, Folkestone, Kent.

Mr. J. D. G. Buchanan and Miss A. C. Clarke

The engagement is announced between John David Gray, son of Mr. and Mrs. W. Gray Buchanan, of Covertside, Rotherfield Greys, Henley-on-Thames, Oxfordshire, and Alison Christine, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. D. Clarke, of Foyle, Pilgrim's Way East, Otford, Kent, formerly of Malaya.

Mr. O. W. Kryger and Miss J. A. Sharp

The engagement is announced between Ole Wangel Kryger, of the Danish Embassy, Baghdad, son of Mr. and Mrs. E. C. T. Kryger, of Copenhagen, Denmark, and Judith Ann, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Malcolm L. Sharp, of Willingdon, Eastbourne, Sussex.

Mr. A. Rimmer and Miss G. C. Leadill

The engagement is announced between Anthony, son of Mrs. H. D. Rimmer and the late Wilfrid Rimmer, of Prescott, Lanes., and Gillian Christine, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. Leadill, of Windle Grange, St. Helens.

Mr. E. A. Morris and Miss G. M. Smith

The engagement is announced between Evan Astley Morris, Royal Artillery, son of the late Mr. E. A. Morris and of Mrs. Morris, of Kingston, Jamaica, West Indies, and Gillian Mary, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Smith, of Hessary, Yelverton, Devon.

Mr. R. B. Wild and Miss G. A. Smith

The engagement is announced between Robert Brierley, son of Mr. and Mrs. B. N. Wild, of Yewhurst, Esher, and Gina Ann, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Smith, of Eaton Grange, Cobham, Surrey.

The rate for announcements of forthcoming marriages is one guinea a line See page 396 for details



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